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MARCH 25, 1996

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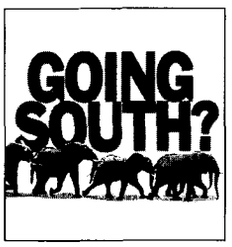

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CORRESPONDENCE

Primary victims

To the editors:

Michael Lewis's account of Alan Keyes's campaign ("The Messenger," February 26) misstates an important part of his early career. I was acquainted with him when we were undergraduates at Cornell in 1968-69. He left because his life was threatened by "black power" thugs who disliked his politics.

These thugs went on to threaten several prominent faculty members, seize a building and finally march armed across campus (as immortalized on the cover of *Newsweek*). They appeared to have the patronage and acquiescence of the Cornell administration, which hardly opposed their acts, but which granted a long list of demands and prevented their prosecution; this group's leader is now on the Cornell Board of Trustees.

JONATHAN KATZ
Clayton, Missouri

To the editors:

To call Lamar Alexander "a better-than average Education Secretary," as Ruth Shalit did ("Sinking, Shining Tennessean," February 26) is to condone a two-year record of barely concealed hostility to public education, school people and teachers' unions; a cynical indifference to issues of poverty, culture, race and class; and a professional style dominated by public relations gimmickry.

Shalit got it right when she labeled Alexander "a genial, good-hearted blend of middlebrow virtues." Always gracious and amiable, he nevertheless struck me and many other analysts of federal education policy as a super-ambitious politician far more interested in self-promotion than in using federal resources wisely to help public education. He visited hundreds of schools but never grasped what was happening in urban America or its undernourished educational system.

GEORGE R. KAPLAN
Bethesda, Maryland

Purgatory

To the editors:

May I suggest that the flip tone that your Notebook pages regularly apply to the vagaries of the political world is inappropriate for commentary on people's religious beliefs, be they Christian, Hindu, Jewish, Buddhist, Muslim or something else. Thus I take exception to your ridicule of the Church of England's doctrinal commission in its reformulation of the concept of hell (February 26).

Outside the fundamentalist community it has been a long time since most Christians educated in theology (or who had thought about it for any length of time) have held to the existence of fire and brimstone under the earth as the final end of those who met with our, or rather God's, disapproval. In fact *The Catechism of the Catholic Church*, a 700-page doctrinal compendium that made its debut with some fanfare only two years ago, makes the following statement about hell: "Our Lord warns us that we shall be separated from him if we fail to meet the serious needs of the poor and the little ones who are his brethren. To die in mortal sin without repenting and accepting God's merciful love means remaining separated from him forever by our own free choice. This state of definitive self-exclusion from communion with God and the blessed is called 'hell.' "

While the catechism goes on to mention the traditional fire and brimstone imagery found in the scriptures and later writers, it certainly does not suggest that this imagery is the main or essential point of this concept.

So please keep up your fine political commentary, in which you are well informed, but put aside your theologian's hat, since you don't seem to have much background in that area. After all, there may even be a place in heaven for sincere and good-hearted atheists; and, if they find themselves there by surprise, I'm sure they'll enjoy the joke.

EUGENE V. TOZZI
New Rochelle, New York

Insecurity

To the editors:

Your otherwise excellent editorial ("Pre-existing Condition," February 26) on the Kassebaum-Kennedy plan to extend health insurance to workers who change jobs concludes on a note that prompts me to respond. You refer to the possible bankruptcy of Medicare and say, "To their credit, Republicans have tried to tackle the crisis (to his discredit, Clinton has demagogued it)."

I'm not sure what you mean by Clinton's "demagoguing," but, as a journalist who covered Medicare from its beginnings in the late 1950s, I think I do know what the Republicans are up to. Senator Robert Dole boasted recently that he had voted against Medicare when it was finally enacted in 1965. Of course he did—so did most Republicans.

Why? Because the part of the bill that covered hospitalization for the elderly is supported by an insurance fund based on a payroll tax. This, to any conservative, is "socialized medicine," just like Britain's National Health Service. It was also uncomfortably reminiscent of the national health insurance program advocated by President Truman in 1948 and roundly defeated after an unprecedented campaign of distortions and vilification waged largely by the American Medical Association. (As a concession to the AMA, the Medicare money that pays doctor bills comes from general tax revenues and beneficiary premiums and not the dreaded Social Security trust fund.)

What the Republicans plan to do in order to "save" Medicare from bankruptcy is to lure as many of the nation's 37 million elderly as possible into private health insurance plans. The premiums would be paid for by the government whether the beneficiary got sick or not. Meanwhile, the basic Medicare monies would be drained by the high-risk elderly, who would not find their way into private plans. In due course, Medicare as a national health insurance program would be dead.

So let's label the GOP's concerns over Medicare the crocodile tears that they are. And then ask, who's demagoguing the most?

MATT CLARK
New York, New York

To the editors:

As one of the 40-odd million Americans *sans* health insurance, I am gratified to see the editors of TNR take Bob Dole to task for allowing the Kassebaum-Kennedy preexisting conditions bill to languish without a vote. But you neglected to appeal to Dole's self-interest.

Perhaps in passing the bill Dole would be doing himself—and his presidential campaign—a favor. The most successful campaign theme so far, as demonstrated by Pat Buchanan, is addressing the economic anxiety of the middle class. Indeed, just prior to the New Hampshire primary Dole began following Buchanan's lead in voicing sympathy for the fears of workers in a "downsizing" economy.

Their anxieties are increased by companies who jettison older employees with lavish benefits packages for temporary workers without costly health insurance. This falls especially hard on Americans with preexisting health problems, as insurance companies avoid them like the plague.

What better way for Dole to demonstrate his concern than to shepherd passage of the Kassebaum-Kennedy bill, which would require insurance companies to cover new workers regardless of preexisting conditions? Surely the aver-

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age Republican primary voter would prefer such a safeguard to the trade protectionism advocated by Buchanan as a solution for middle-class angst. In any event, the preexisting condition bill is far less likely to induce a global depression than Buchanan's Smoot-Hawley approach.

ANDREW LEIGH
Los Angeles, California

Foreigners

To the editors:

In his review of three books on the English and the Jews ("The English Question," February 26), Lawrence Lipking laments that the "barbarous ghetto-dwellers who murder a Christian boy" in Chaucer's Canterbury tale are "foreigners" from Asia, "like Marlowe's Barabas of Malta and Shakespeare's Shylock of Venice."

The comparisons are not apt. Antonio—not Shylock—is the merchant of Venice. Shylock is an English alien (going by, for example, his very English name) among Venetians, as his English—the best in the play—confirms.

Nor is Marlowe's Barabas "foreign" if the rest of Marlowe's work (and that of his contemporaries) means anything. Marlowe obviously (and defiantly) admires Barabas (going by, for one thing, introductory passages of the play) as he does his other tragic villains. That Shakespeare intended Antonio to be his equivalent of Barabas is obvious from the fact that the earliest (1598) title entry of the play (in the Stationers' Register) designates Antonio, the merchant of Venice, as a Jew, although clearly an apostate, or a "publican," as Shylock describes him.

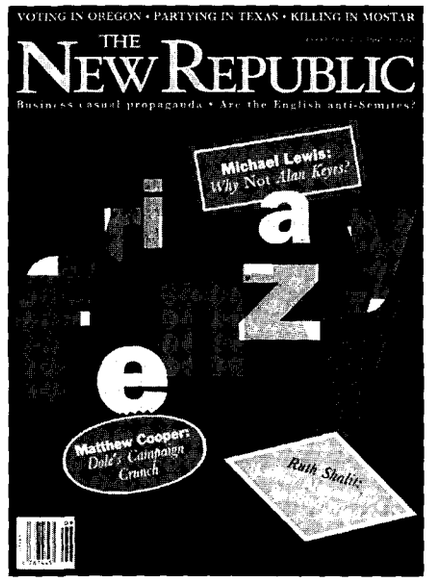
For Chaucer, Asia was hardly "foreign." Many English saw it as their ultimate home—the goal of a dreamed-of crusade. That was where Christianity began. English culture looked back even earlier, to ancient Troy, for its founding moments. For Chaucer it could hardly have been alien territory. The unpretty story of the murder Chaucer puts in the mouth of "the prioress"—Chaucer's comment on the source of such legends. (Notably, when Chaucer speaks in his own voice he tends to follow the a-Christian Boethius.) The various speakers in *The Canterbury Tales* are intended by Chaucer to reveal themselves.

Undoubtedly a broad spectrum of hostility toward Jews emerged in other and later stages of English culture, but to locate it where it is not is surely doing the English a disservice.

NIEL HIRSCHSON
Johannesburg, South Africa

To the editors:

Lawrence Lipking's review of the three studies dealing with anti-Semitism and English literature is accurate. But, though he correctly identifies Trollope's anti-Semitism, Lipking says nothing about Dickens's, save for mentioning the obvious Fagin. Dickens's attitude toward Jews is, I think, paradigmatically British and deserves brief amplification. Irving Howe has correctly absolved Dickens of the charge of being an anti-Semite, in notable contrast to Trollope and Thackeray. The reason is that, though he early betrayed the knee-jerk negative feelings about Jews as "others" that is common to many Britons, Dickens, when confronted with his hateful conception of Fagin and taken to task for it, was elaborately contrite. In response to the chastisement, in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Michael Lewis: Why Not Alan Keyes?
Matthew Cooper: Dole's Campaign Crunch
Ruth Shalit

correspondence with one Eliza Davis, a London Jewess, he apologized for any pain that he might have caused her and Jews collectively. In Fagin, he said, he was not representing a Jew *qua* Jew but, rather, a "fence" and an instructor of juvenile thieves, which unfortunately pretty well identified many Jews in Victorian London's underworld. Dickens added: " . . . If there be any general feeling on the part of the intelligent Jewish people, that I have done them what you describe as a 'great wrong,' they are a far less sensible, a far less just, and a far less good-tempered people than I have always supposed them to be. . . . I have no feeling towards the Jewish people but a friendly one. I always speak well of them, whether in public or in private, and bear my testimony (as I ought to do) to their perfect good faith in such transactions as I have ever had with them. . . . " In addition, and to the detriment of his art, in his last completed novel, *Our Mutual Friend*, Dickens created the Jewish character Riah, cloyingly benevolent and the very obverse of Fagin.

BERNARD R. KOGAN
Wilmette, Illinois

Genocide (cont'd)

To the editors:

Dennis Papazian's letter (March 4) in response to David Rieff's essay "An Age of Genocide" cites Marjorie Housepian Dobkin's *Smyrna 1922: The Destruction of a City*. The book is one of the finest texts on that war which the Greeks refer to as the *Katastrophe*. I was disheartened, however, by Mr. Papazian's failure to include in his erudite letter the fact that 150,000 Greek civilians were also slaughtered in that ethnic cleansing. More than 1,000,000 Greek refugees from Smyrna and surrounding areas were absorbed (with great hardship) into Greece. Armenian survivors were also given asylum there, as Ms. Housepian Dobkin points out, emphasizing the ties and friendship that have long existed between Armenians and Greeks.

I was fortunate enough to hear Ms. Housepian Dobkin lecture at the Holy Trinity Greek Orthodox Cathedral in New York City. She gave the audience the opportunity to ask questions afterward. What I found as upsetting as the atrocities was the inaction of American, English, French and Italian warships that witnessed the carnage but, for complex financial reasons, did nothing. It is, after all, this apathy that continues to make genocide possible.

DEAN KOSTOS
New York, New York

Holier than thou

To the editors:

In the Notebook, February 26, under SCI-FRY, you lament the Republicans' scuttling of support for scientific research, concluding with the sentence, "Sadly, Republican rhetoric about the importance of science appears as vacuous as a black hole." As it happens, a black hole is the direct opposite of vacuous: it is packed with matter so dense as to strain comprehension—typically to the extent that not even light can escape its gravitational field.

LEONARD GILLMAN
Austin, Texas

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TRB®
FROM WASHINGTON

Fidel and Mr. Smith

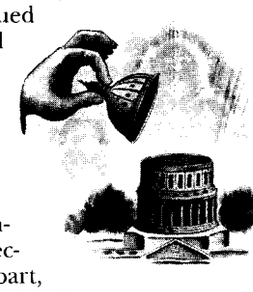
Since 1982, when he left his job as chief of the United States interests section in Havana, Wayne Smith has been the dean of Fidel Castro's American apologists. In the latest *Foreign Affairs*, Smith once again puts the most benign possible spin on the island's government, depicting Cuba as a nation marching gradually to "social democracy," under the guidance of none other than Fidel Castro. Castro's regime is not a one-man dictatorship, as it may appear; rather, like the Franco regime in Spain, the Fidel period is a necessary prelude to the greater freedom for which Cuba is still not quite ready.

Refutation of this interesting thesis was not long in coming. A few days after Smith's piece appeared, Cuban police rounded up the leaders of Concilio Cubano, a pro-democracy organization, and Cuban jets shot down two Cuban-American planes. Even Smith was at a loss to rationalize Castro's behavior. "It's silly," he told *The New York Times*. "These groups don't provide any threat, and Cuba could improve its image internationally by taking it easy on them."

In conventional political terms, Castro's actions are indeed "counterproductive." He may well have cost himself a crucial trade deal with the European Union, and a year-long thaw with the U.S. is now over. The Clinton administration reacted to his shooting of the unarmed planes by backing the Helms-Burton bill tightening the U.S. trade embargo. Of course, Fidel anticipated this, which suggests he conceives of his political interests a bit differently from the way Smith does. Castro is not interested in better relations with Washington or a healthy economy for his people. He wants to stay in power forever. Given his government's lack of legitimacy and the widespread hardship on the island, he feels he must show zero tolerance for any stirring of organized opposition. As for his "international image," with the help of apologists abroad he has always managed to blame America first.

The failure of Wayne Smith to grasp these basic truths about Castro is, alas, symptomatic of a broader failure of the American liberal imagination when it comes to Castro. Every other Communist dictator in history ran his country into the ground and was hated, albeit through clenched teeth, by his people. But, for some reason, Fidel alone is supposed to be the popular, charismatic leader of a "revolution" built on free health and education. The welfare states of Sweden and France are in fiscal straits. But sugar-producing Cuba will someday consolidate a "social democracy."

The latest liberal illusion concerning Cuba is the liberating power of capitalism. Lift the embargo and democracy will trickle in along with Big Macs and MTV. This is ironic. In the '60s and '70s, it was conservatives who argued that economic reform and growth would have to precede an inevitably long, slow change to democratic rule in Latin countries ruled by right-wing dictators. Meantime, they argued, "constructive engagement" was the most effective U.S. policy. For their part, liberals said U.S. multinationals were accomplices to right-wing rule, who brought dictators money and international legitimacy, as well as introducing an exploitive brand of free enterprise.



Now the roles have reversed. Miami Cubans cry that foreign business is shoring up Castro. And in January, Joe Moakley, the Democratic congressman whose legislation cutting off aid to El Salvador helped bring that country's rightist army to heel, escorted executives from Massachusetts to Havana for a tour of post-embargo opportunities.

The logic of "constructive engagement" is not inherently wrong, either in Pinochet's Chile or in Cuba today. Rather, the latest crisis proves that Castro is in position to head off whatever democratizing effects trade, investment and "contact" may have. The European and Canadian investment that Castro has allowed, coupled with his grudging decision to allow peasant markets and free use of the dollar, did, indeed, begin to undermine his system of political control. At the same time, it fortified his regime with money. Long, long before the former effect could outstrip the latter, Castro provoked the U.S. to tighten the embargo.

Yes, Cuban exiles in Miami are Fidel's perfect foils. Yes, the Helms-Burton bill will create all sorts of legal and diplomatic headaches for America itself. And yes, if we were starting Cuba policy from scratch today, we probably wouldn't impose an embargo. But the embargo remains our only leverage and our best symbolic protest against Castro's dictatorship. The real reason that a strategy of engagement can't democratize Cuba is that Fidel will never allow it.

Castro also knows that the endless debate over U.S.-Cuban "relations" helps obscure the only question about Cuba that really matters: Why on earth does Castro refuse to hold a free national election? The constructive engagers tend to get flustered when the question is posed this starkly. Unless you are prepared to argue either (a) that there already is enough political freedom in Cuba or (b) that "U.S. hostility" somehow necessitates one-man rule, there is no answer.

In Smith's case, the apologia for Castro is the same as that once offered by conservatives for Pinochet and Somoza: only he can guarantee order. "Castro's departure or ouster is unlikely to occur soon, and it is probably undesirable," Smith writes in *Foreign Affairs*. "He is the only political figure with the authority to order reforms and make them stick, and he is the only one who can prevent the various political factions from plunging the country into a bloodbath."

Après Fidel, le déluge. But where is the evidence that Fidel's "reforms" are either irreversible or well-conceived? And how could "factions" that Smith elsewhere describes as small and insignificant trigger a bloodbath? Then Smith asks: "Elections are well and good, but who would run against [Castro]?" Smith should look in the political prisons. "The Cuban people see no one in the wings," he writes, "and thus their understandable reaction is to stick with Castro"—Smith knows this from "hundreds of interviews and conversations with Cubans." Most of the people on the island I've talked to are sick of their country's plight and blame it on the man in charge. Smith seems not to realize that people in unfree societies conceal their real opinions from outsiders they perceive as friendly to the authorities. Pollsters in Nicaragua found a huge Sandinista majority until the day before Violeta Chamorro won the 1990 election.

But there has never been a free election, or even a legitimate opinion poll, in Cuba, so neither Smith nor I can really be sure. Perhaps if U.S. policy avoided either tightening or relaxing the embargo in favor of a simple, strong diplomatic campaign for free elections—now—we would someday get to find out who's right. If Fidel loses, the drafting of a truthful history of his misrule can at last begin, with a chapter reserved for the supporting role played by foreign intellectuals.

CHARLES LANE

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

MARCH 25, 1996

WAGES AND SIN

Suddenly, everyone running for office this year is talking about wages (except Bob Dole, who's talking mainly about Russell, Kansas). It's the first time since ... well, 1992. Remember Bill Clinton's "Americans are working harder and harder for less and less"? Unfortunately, once in office, Clinton discovered it was not so easy to lift wages after all and focused on the budget instead. So, for the last three years, the national debate on economic issues has centered, to the exclusion of all other factors, on deficit reduction.

Good as far as it goes. The trouble with deficit reduction, of course, is that it doesn't do much to stem the decline in real wages. But, then, what will? Buchanan's crude protectionism and Steve Forbes's flat tax could actually make matters worse. So kudos to New Mexico Democratic Senator Jeff Bingaman for coming up with an alternative.

Last week, Bingaman released a comprehensive plan to help the anxious middle class. Parts of the proposal are old hat. First, a ninety-cent raise in the minimum wage to $5.15 an hour: a useful adjustment, but one that still leaves the minimum wage $1.35 below its highest real level. Conservatives say any increase would cost jobs, but with such a modest hike the job-loss effect is tiny and well worth it. Less admirable is Bingaman's decision to trot out the hoary $500-per-child tax credit, Clinton's desperate attempt to keep pace with the Republicans in the tax-cut sweepstakes. Sure, there's some economic rationale there: if liberals can't help the middle class through government spending, they can at least funnel them money through a tax cut. But, in the long run, a middle-class tax cut will be paid for either with cuts in entitlements or with higher deficits (and higher interest rates), both of which end up hurting the very middle class they're designed to help.

But the heart of Bingaman's proposal *is* new and increasingly fashionable: a reform of the business tax to encourage corporations to behave responsibly. Bingaman would do this by establishing a lower tax rate for businesses that fulfill a lengthy list of criteria, including devoting a certain percentage of payroll to pensions and training, offering health care, and investing capital domestically. The idea's moral appeal is obvious. Businesses that take the "high road" of good wages and employee investment have been driven out by "low road" businesses, which get ahead by cutting labor costs.

The economics, however, make less sense. Bingaman proposes two different tax rates for businesses: a low one for those that meet all his criteria and a steeper one for the rest. There's no middle ground; a company that met 99 percent of the criteria could be taxed at the same high rate as one that met zero percent. Using the tax code to encourage certain behavior is fine, but this is a particularly crude way of doing so.

Worse, the criteria for preferential treatment are hopelessly muddy. Some requirements—say, investing 50 percent of all research and development funds in the United States—would be much easier for certain types of firms than others. (Should we penalize a drug company for investing in the Amazon rain forest because the plants it needs simply don't grow in the U.S.?) Others—"Maintain above-average or continuously improving occupational safety and environmental compliance records"—are impossibly subjective. The government would have to make an infinite list of exceptions and modifications or start making judgment calls. It's almost a parody of big, micromanaging government.

It's curious that liberals such as Edward Kennedy, Richard Gephardt and Robert Reich are lining up behind this idea. After all, it shifts responsibility for the public welfare from the public to the private sector. For conservatives, it's equally problematic: it monkeys around with the clean operation of the market. Far better to let companies do what they're supposed to—make profits—and get the government to directly mitigate the effects through training programs, or social spending or improving the quality of high-school and college education. The current debate over wages turns out, sadly, to be between those who would curtail the market's capacity to create wealth and those who would curtail government's capacity to redistribute it. There has to be a better way. Doesn't there? •

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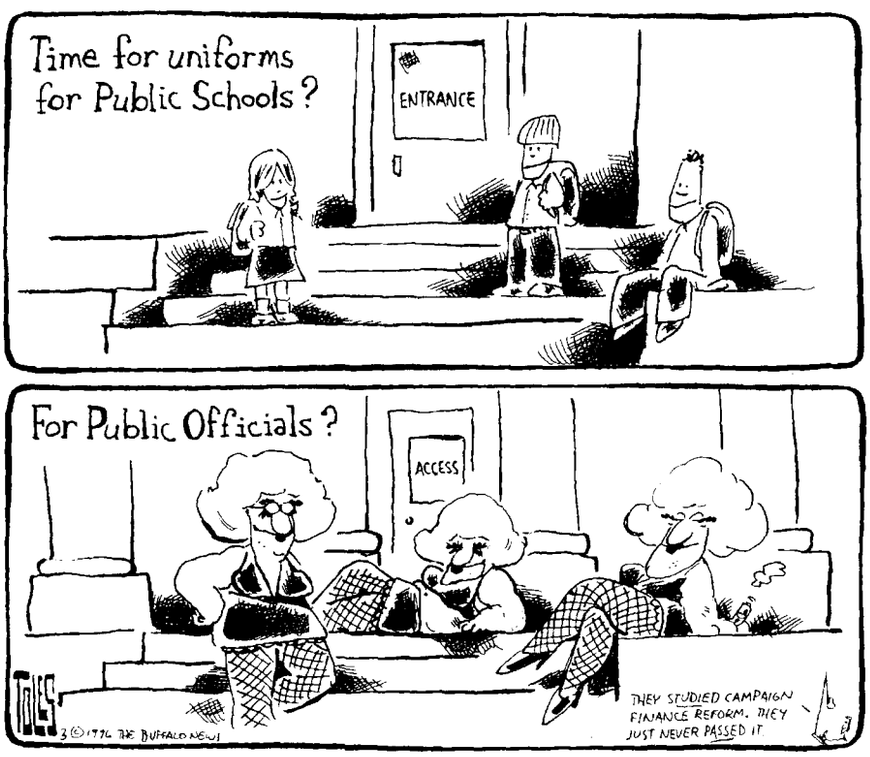
NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: A Michigan state senate panel endorsed a bill requiring parental approval for youths under 18 to get a tattoo or body piercing.... *The Des Moines Register* reported that sixty-one of Iowa's 150 lawmakers have been convicted of speeding in the past five years.... Former New York City Mayor Ed Koch said the city's current mayor, Rudy Giuliani, "is not a decent human being".... Scientists are debating whether to revoke Pluto's classification as a planet.... According to Salvatore "Sammy Bull" Gravano, former lieutenant to jailed mob boss John Gotti, Gotti planned to avoid prison by offering President George Bush a $5 million bribe.


Time for uniforms for Public Schools?
ENTRANCE
For Public Officials?
ACCESS
THEY STUDIED CAMPAIGN FINANCE REFORM. THEY JUST NEVER PASSED IT
TOLES © 1996 THE BUFFALO NEWS

MORE THAN BLOOD SPORT: Despite Democratic filibustering, the Senate appears close to extending its Whitewater hearings. There is much that is distressing about the Republican inquisition, not least the recent sight of Al D'Amato, dancing on stage at a Bob Dole victory party and declaring it time to put "an adult back in the White House." But, given the high ground, the Clinton administration blew it. Documents dribbled out just as the committee's mandate was set to expire. Witnesses have pleaded the kind of wildly improbable memory gaps that made the Iran-Contra investigation so maddening. (Those hearings, you'll recall, had Democrats arguing just the opposite point. "Setting fixed deadlines for the completion of congressional investigations should be avoided," Democratic Senator George Mitchell concluded afterwards.) To punctuate the case for further inquiry, James Stewart's riveting new book, *Blood Sport*, details thoroughly just how petty and sleazy the Clintons were in the 1980s and how obstructionist they have been in the '90s. The White House bitterly notes that D'Amato has held more hours of hearings than it took the U.S. to fight its ground war against Iraq. But wasn't that another unwisely limited affair?

GOP HYPOCRISY I: Congressional Republicans, terrified they'll have to run for re-election without any substantive accomplishments, have returned to work searching for something popular to pass. A good place to start, as we've noted, would be the Kassebaum-Kennedy health reform bill (see "Preexisting Condition," TNR, February 26). It's a constructive, popular bill with broad bipartisan support. But the House leadership seems hell-bent on blowing it. While the Senate agreed to avoid all amendments to the bill for fear of adding more controversial provisions, the House is taking the opposite approach: larding it up with goodies for every medical-related interest group that writes a check to the GOP. Most of the amendments they're considering would provoke a certain presidential veto. One is a tax break for Medical Savings Accounts, a profitable way to skim healthy customers off the insurance market invented by the Golden Rule Insurance Company. Golden Rule was the largest donor to the Republican National Committee in 1994 and also lavished hundreds of thousands of dollars on GOPAC and the Progress and Freedom Foundation, a Newtoid think tank. There are two explanations: either the House GOP just can't say no to a benefactor or they secretly want Kassebaum-Kennedy to fail. Good luck in November, guys.

GOP HYPOCRISY II: Sometimes congressmen can't help but let their true motives show. Take the latest immigration spat. Some Californian, Texan and Floridian representatives have tacked a shameless amendment onto the immigration bill, which allows 250,000 farmworkers in for growing season every year. "It is vital to accommodate the legitimate interests of farmers and ranchers," pleads Richard Pombo. Pombo is one of six Republicans who voted for the amendment although, as members of Gingrich's task force on immigration, they recommended ruthless restrictions on immigration last year. Now Pombo is a bleeding heart. Well, if

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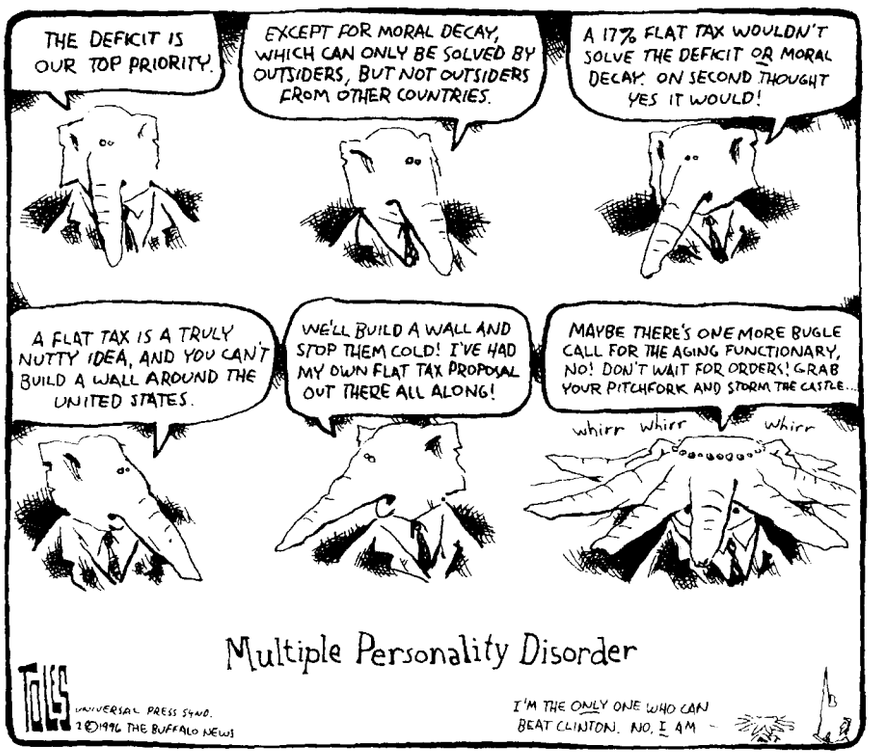
the ranchers need the workers, why not make them legal? The whole charade is a wonderful example of what drives anti-immigration politics. Most immigrant-bashers know that a host of industries, from farming to restaurants to textiles, rely on cheap illegal labor. And, at some level, they want to keep it that way. But the anti-immigrationists also like pandering to nativist anxiety. Every now and again the hypocrisy gets unstuck. At a time when a major presidential candidate is urging an end to *legal* immigration, some of his Republican colleagues are desperately trying to usher in *illegal* immigrants. Not a pretty sight.

AND YOU THOUGHT BUCHANAN WAS A LITTLE EXTREME: We'd like to welcome Louis Farrakhan back from his "World Friendship Tour," the minister's attempt at "expanding the spirit of the Million Man March globally," as his best friend, Benjamin Chavis, put it. But, upon Farrakhan's return, a Catholic New York congressman threatened to investigate him. The minister professed shock. Guess who he blames? Though we hate to give him space, we excerpt parts of the speech he gave in Chicago upon his return, lest he try to charm the ADL into making peace again:


THE DEFICIT IS OUR TOP PRIORITY.
EXCEPT FOR MORAL DECAY, WHICH CAN ONLY BE SOLVED BY OUTSIDERS, BUT NOT OUTSIDERS FROM OTHER COUNTRIES.
A 17% FLAT TAX WOULDN'T SOLVE THE DEFICIT OR MORAL DECAY. ON SECOND THOUGHT YES IT WOULD!
A FLAT TAX IS A TRULY NUTTY IDEA, AND YOU CAN'T BUILD A WALL AROUND THE UNITED STATES.
WE'LL BUILD A WALL AND STOP THEM COLD! I'VE HAD MY OWN FLAT TAX PROPOSAL OUT THERE ALL ALONG!
MAYBE THERE'S ONE MORE BUGLE CALL FOR THE AGING FUNCTIONARY, NO! DON'T WAIT FOR ORDERS! GRAB YOUR PITCHFORK AND STORM THE CASTLE...
whirr whirr whirr
Multiple Personality Disorder
TOLES
UNIVERSAL PRESS SYND.
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I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN BEAT CLINTON. NO, I AM

> Now I want you to bring me before Congress and ask me to register as a foreign agent. Then I'm going to call the roll of how many senators are honorary members of the Israeli Knesset.... But God has made me in America to walk in the footsteps of Jesus. Now listen—this is a modern Rome.... [T]he Jews don't like me, they didn't like Jesus.... The Jews put the Romans on Jesus, and the Zionists are stimulating and pulling strings in Washington.... I have warned you, that Allah will punish you. You are wicked deceivers of the American people. You have sucked their blood. You are not real Jews.... You are the synagogue of Satan. And you have wrapped your tentacles around the U.S. government. And you are deceiving and sending this nation to hell.

LEWIN'S BENCHMARK: As the clock runs out on President Clinton's ability to submit judicial nominations that are likely to be confirmed, he has one last opportunity for a sterling appointment. A drama is unfolding about who will be tapped for the prestigious U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit: Chester Straub or Nathan Lewin. Straub, the candidate originally backed by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, is a well-connected law partner of Mario Cuomo and former chair of Moynihan's campaign committee. By contrast, Nathan Lewin is one of the best constitutional advocates of his generation. He has championed religious liberty in many important Supreme Court cases, arguing successfully for the right to wear yarmulkes and to display menorahs. He has impressive bipartisan credentials, having served as Deputy Assistant Attorney General during Democratic administrations in the 1960s and having also represented Attorney General Ed Meese. Most recently, Lewin has ably represented the Satmar Hassidim in the landmark Supreme Court case of *Kiryas Joel*. Lewin's powerful legal mind and scholarly temperament would bring distinction to the bench and a historical burnish to Clinton's reputation. It's an easy call.

DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SCIENCE:

Homicide:
'Makes you feel violated'

—*The Sacramento Bee*, February 19.

Harmfulness of violence can no longer be denied

—*Wisconsin State Journal*, February 25.

(Thanks to Gregory Leeson of Colfax, California, and Susan Graves of Madison, Wisconsin.)

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SARAJEVO POSTCARD

IL POSTINO

By Anna Husarska

Like swallows announcing the coming of spring, the Sarajevo postmen have reappeared, harbingers of a normality that may soon arrive. Yes, the Bosnian post works, although timidly and in a very roundabout way.

The yellow mailboxes are still mere ornaments, and to send a letter one has to go to a post office, most of which remain protected by sandbags or huge metal panels. But, after four years of war, even buying a stamp is a thrill, and in line the atmosphere is festive. After all, the stamps the Sarajevans are buying are those of the "Republika Bosna i Hercegovina," a country whose survival was (and in the future may be) in grave doubt. Patriots are as excited as philatelists. And stamp-designers are the most patriotic of all: a regular-sized, thirty-five Bosnian dinar stamp—worth roughly a quarter—issued last year (see illustration) and printed in Switzerland shows a map representing "The Bosnian State's Development in the Middle Ages" with no less than five color-coded territories and two dozen medieval towns marked, along with today's Bosnian borders.

REPUBLIKA BOSNA I HERCEGOVINA

During the war, only letters from within Bosnia circulated, carried through the country on buses because the rail system had suffered extensive damage. (That any foreign mail got through at all is thanks to a group of Italian Catholic volunteers, "The Blessed Constructors of Peace," who received letters at their headquarters in Padua and brought them in on U.N. flights.) But since last September—courtesy of the Austrian and German postal services—the Bosnian post brings its mail to the town of Villach at the Slovene/Austrian border, and from there it is treated as if it were German mail. The same goes for incoming stuff: a letter addressed to Bosnia goes automatically to Munich and from there is shipped to Villach for the Bosnians to pick up.

These days the weekly bag of incoming Bosnian mail weighs some 100 pounds (probably the equivalent of a day's junk mail for one New York building), but every item is eagerly awaited. Only letters and postcards are allowed, but packages and money transfers from abroad will soon be possible, too. Because of the modest amount of mail, the postmen do their rounds every second day.

Anyway, the post office could probably not afford to put more postmen on the streets—of the 150 letter carriers who worked in Sarajevo before the war, only thirty returned to their old jobs. (Twenty new people have joined.) In 1992 this was an entirely male profession, but, when war broke out, most of the letter carriers were called to arms. Even Ibrahim Tiro, whom everyone calls Ibro and who is extremely short-sighted and rather chubby, got drafted for five months. The four men who were declared unfit for military service were joined by fifteen women.

The main Sarajevo post office, adjacent to the train station, operates from what was once the building's basement; its top has been destroyed by mortars. The only furnishings are bare mail-sorting racks and a primitive heating stove. The staff also bear signs of war: three of the dozen postmen I met the day I visited were nursing war wounds. And yet what a jolly lot they were.

The man who returned most recently to his old job at the post office is Predrag, "our Serb" as his colleagues call him. He still wears a military jacket—like many Serbs who stayed in Sarajevo he served in the Bosnian army. To celebrate his return, the boss gave him a job with much responsibility: handling the certified letters. Those who've come back have done so out of loyalty, not financial interest, for the salaries are nothing to write home about. Ibro, who is 46 and a twenty-five-year veteran of the post, earns the equivalent of $30 a month, which buys about five pounds of fruit at the local market.

Ibro invited me on a tour of duty. It was raining, but, fortunately, all the mail he had to deliver fit into his jacket pocket so it didn't get drenched. His route is near the Holiday Inn, an area I know rather well. The first piece of mail he delivered was the schedule of Radio Vatican broadcasts, addressed to the Catholic church across the street from the hotel. Oddly, the address label read "Sarajevo, *Croatia*." Ibro was totally outraged: "Eighty percent of the letters I deliver have the wrong street names. But the wrong country name? After four years of war?"

Sometimes the names of the streets are not outright wrong. New street names, often with Islamic references and certainly de-Serbicized, have sprouted in the last year. This renaming might worry those who cherish Sarajevo's reputation as a multiethnic haven, but the impulse is understandable enough. After the general carnage, the name "Brotherhood and Unity," given to so many streets, bridges and avenues throughout the former Yugoslavia, just doesn't sound right.

Upon completing his rounds, Ibro brings the undelivered letters back to the post office, where they are marked for return. So many people have been killed, left the city or moved to different houses after theirs were destroyed that a large number bear the stamps "DIED," "MOVED" or "UNKNOWN."

"As I stuck all those stamps on, I realize how difficult it will be to put our country back together," Predrag, the Serb, told me. And then, pointing to one letter, he shared with me his secret: the pleasure it gives him to write on the envelopes that arrive for parts of the town

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under Serb control: CANNOT BE DELIVERED BECAUSE ADDRESSEE LIVES ON TERRITORY UNDER ENEMY OCCUPATION. "They expect us to risk our lives to carry their mail, or what?!" he exclaimed. The letter was for Grbavica, a neighborhood I was planning to visit anyway, so I thought of delivering it myself. But I finally decided I had no right to ask my postmen friends to be so magnanimous, and I said goodbye. "Get us a copy of the magazine with your story in it," they called after me. Of course, I'll send it along with the next colleague traveling through Sarajevo, I replied. "No! Send it by mail!!" •

KINSHASA POSTCARD

MONEYBAGS

By Joshua Hammer

Zacharie Bababaswe, a 31-year-old television producer in Kinshasa, knows how to work the system. Bababaswe has a job with Tele-Zaire, the state-owned TV network, a nearly bankrupt enterprise that broadcasts a few hours of dirt-cheap programming a day to the handful of Zairians who can afford television sets. His office is on the eighteenth floor of a decrepit high-rise with one functioning elevator and sporadic electricity. Broken ceiling tiles dangle over his desk; the windows are smashed, and a tangle of rusting wires is all that remains of a long-vanished air conditioner. Bababaswe is the network's resident music expert, responsible for TV jam sessions and talk shows that examine Zaire's rich musical heritage. Sometimes he even appears in the programs he produces. For his efforts he receives a government salary of $5 a month.

That's barely enough to buy two bottles of beer in Kinshasa, yet Bababaswe isn't hurting. A couple of years ago, he acquired a cellular telephone, printed up a stack of embossed business cards (identifying himself as an *homme du culture*) and turned his job title and voluminous contacts into a source of steady profit. Now Bababaswe moonlights as a music promoter, setting up club dates and handling public relations for dozens of Zairian and Congolese musicians. A round-faced, cherubic-looking hustler, he wears Italian wool suits and silk foulard ties. All told, he probably earns $1,000 for a few days' work. "If you don't have connections, you die in Zaire," says Bababaswe. "Beginning with President Mobutu Sese Seko himself."

Connections are just about the only currency left in Zaire. Decades of corruption, the suspension of foreign aid and the loss of the tax base following nationwide looting by the army in 1991 and 1993 have bankrupted the treasury and gutted the infrastructure. Most civil servants earn between $1 and $2 a month, and many haven't been paid in half a year or more. Social spending has ceased, and regulation has withered, often with fatal results: recently, for example, an overloaded Antonov cargo plane slammed into a crowded market at the end of a runway at a Kinshasa airport, killing more than 300 people. It was the second fatal crash of a Zairian plane in two months.

Zaire's government is so destitute it's almost laughable. The Ministry of Information, for example, which includes Tele-Zaire and the state-owned news service, is jokingly called "the Ministry of Two Cameras"—because the only equipment it has left are two aging Sony Betacams. Zaire's foreign service is in even worse shape: when I was there last October, Kinshasa newspapers carried humiliating stories about Zaire's ambassador to the Ivory Coast, who hadn't been paid in three and a half years. The desperate diplomat accosted a visiting Zairian government delegation in Abidjan and begged them to advance him money for a plane ticket home. One Western diplomat in Kinshasa told me that he has a simple strategy for dealing with his counterparts at the Foreign Affairs Ministry, who regularly pester him for cash and visas: "Have as little to do with them as possible."

To survive in this apocalyptic landscape, most Kinshasans depend on the so-called "informal economy," an unregulated market of small-scale enterprise that has replaced both the public and the taxable private sectors. Virtually all of Kinshasa's tens of thousands of civil servants have something going on the side. Some sell beer, cigarettes and other goods on the streets; others run unlicensed taxi companies or auto garages. Kinshasa's decrepit government complexes are covered with maize and manioc fields, most owned by top officials. Typical is the bureaucrat I met at the Ministry of Cooperation who recently started a peanut farm in Zaire's rain forest, somehow got it registered as a "non-government organization" and now thrives off contributions from Western donors. The head of ONATRA, the government boat-transport company, barely goes to his office anymore; he spends most of his time managing his plant and flower business, which does a brisk trade with Western expatriates. Then there's the ONATRA riverboat captain who regularly makes the 1,100-mile journey between Kinshasa and Kisangani, deep in Zaire's interior. His salary's a pittance. But during the three-week round-trip voyage he stuffs the boat's walk-in icebox with choice animals from the rain forest—monkeys, antelope, bush pigs, crocodiles, catfish—then sells them at a hefty profit at Kinshasa's central market.

The higher up you are in the government, the more opportunities there are to profit through unofficial means. I got a telling glimpse of this when I showed up at the Ministry of Information one morning to apply for an "authorization" to work as a journalist in Zaire. Elsewhere on the continent, the document is issued

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free or for a token fee—$25 or $50—but not here. Vice Minister Oscar Lugendo-Lula, a handsome man in gray flannel slacks and a blue blazer with a graying goatee, ushered me into his sixteenth-floor office, which I had reached by climbing the stairs. He fired up a Dunhill cigarette with a gold-plated lighter, exhaled dramatically—and informed me that the price of a one-week accreditation was $500, payable directly to him. I sputtered that I didn't have that kind of cash.

"Unfortunate," he replied, stroking his beard. "All right, then. We'll make it $375." That kicked off a round of fast and furious bargaining.

"I can give you $100."

"How can I justify that to my Minister? Make it $300."

"Impossible. I'll go as high as $125."

"$250 and I'll throw in an extra week. But, understand, this could cause me grave problems with the chief." I got out of there for $175, plus another $20 for the clerk who typed up the document. When I told Bababaswe about it he nodded his head.

"Lugendo-Lula used to be a radical member of the opposition," he said. "Then Mobutu called him to his palace in Gbadolite last year and bought him off with the vice ministership. He gets a $3,000 salary, a car, plus lots of opportunities to augment his income. All your money went directly into his pocket." The following day I was driving with Bababaswe to the airport when a lime-green Volkswagen Jetta with tinted windows pulled up behind us. It turned out to be the vice minister, who gave me a couple of friendly toots of his horn. Bababaswe grinned and waved back. "You've made his week," he said.

JOSHUA HAMMER is *Newsweek*'s Nairobi bureau chief.

After the massacres.

PEACE AND ILLUSION

By Leon Wieseltier

It was the third day of atrocity, in Tel Aviv, that seems to have broken the grip of the platitudes about peace. After the first day of atrocity, in Jerusalem and Ashkelon, and after the second day of atrocity, in Jerusalem, the platitudes stayed grotesquely in place. The official reactions, in Israel and in the United States, were thoughtless and mechanical defenses of the "peace process" against the impertinences of reality. These sentences—"we reaffirm our commitment to peace," "it is very important not to overreact," "the long-range future is a political settlement"—had a cold, tactical sound. They were designed to deny that a moment of reckoning with the limits of diplomatic rationality had arrived. They were characterized by a kind of teleological tranquility: the ends were not to be doubted.

Then, in Tel Aviv, on the eve of Purim, when Jewish children on their way to a celebration of the avoidance of a massacre of Jews became the victims of a massacre of Jews, denial was no longer possible, and doubt was transformed into a mark of humanity. The love of peace that has not been shaken by the events of the last few weeks is a merely political love. And the game of acceptable deaths—an acquaintance of mine pointed out that the 200 or so Israelis who have died as a consequence of Shimon Peres's Palestinian policy do not yet equal the 600 or so Israelis who died as a consequence of Menachem Begin's Lebanese policy—is a sordid game.

For a quarter of a century, Palestinian terrorism hid behind Palestinian statelessness. The world had to understand that the Palestinians were suffering an occupation, that Israeli soldiers patrolled the streets and the homes of Gaza and Nablus and Jenin and Bethlehem and Ramallah and Hebron, and that this was not acceptable. But no Israeli soldiers any longer patrol Gaza and Nablus and Jenin and Bethlehem and Ramallah; and they were to have withdrawn from Hebron this month. The occupation is disappearing. The Palestinians have a government that enjoys the legitimacy of a free election. And there is terrorism again. This, too, is not acceptable.

It is not acceptable because the purpose of peace is not only morality, it is also security. Or, to put it differently, security is a moral matter, too. A principled society comes to its own defense. The peace with Egypt is famous for being a cold peace. A cold peace is a peace in which the absence of death is a price worth paying for the absence of friendship. Is the peace with the Palestinians to be a hot peace, in which there is not friendship but there is death? What sort of peace is a hot peace?

In the war against Hamas, Israel finds itself in an ironic situation. Its peace policy seems to have come into contradiction with its security policy. When it controlled the West Bank and Gaza, Israel acted unilaterally against terrorism and against what it called terrorism. Sometimes its actions were justified, sometimes its actions were not justified; but the battle against political violence was a battle that Israel was free to fight as it chose to fight, in the spirit of self-reliance that was one of the distinguishing traits of Jewish nationalism. Now there is a Palestinian government in the territories. That government is a historical achievement not only for the Palestinians, but also for the Israelis, most of whom do not wish to rule another people; but it is also a constraint on Israel's freedom of action.

For this reason, Israel, and the United States, expects Arafat to put an end to the terror that originates in his realm. It may be that Arafat will "crack down,"

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It's more influential than TV advertising. So why do they call it "junk mail"?

Any advertising medium that can influence consumers better than television deserves more respect.

And, in fact, most people like direct mail advertising. More than half the population read it promptly and completely, and say they find it useful. Some even say they'd like more. Over half the people in America order goods and services through catalogs or other advertising that comes by mail.

All of which is probably why direct mail is the U.S. Postal Service's fastest-growing business. Marketers large and small like it because it's inexpensive, goes straight to specific customers, invites response and gets results. And direct mail pays for itself, which is reassuring to customers who think First-Class postage rates subsidize third-class mail.

Direct mail is an essential component of the American retail economy. It benefits marketers and consumers alike. In 1995, it generated almost $385 billion in sales revenues for marketers. And it brought happiness to a lot of people who like browsing through catalogs, discovering unique products, or finding out about neighborhood bargains without leaving the comforts of home.

And now direct mail is going international. In 1995, the U.S. Postal Service sent to Japan the one millionth package for a major catalog retailer who is building a customer base there. And that helps the balance of payments.

So, call it Direct Marketing, call it Ad Mail—but please, don't call it junk mail.

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whatever that means, on Hamas and Islamic Jihad. For finally he has something to lose; and it has been an axiom of the "peace process" that people with something to lose will behave more circumspectly, more practically, more effectively, than people with nothing to lose. The peace processors are counseling patience. They worry about pressure on Arafat. When President Clinton was asked if he is convinced that Arafat "has done all he can to control Hamas," he replied: "Because it is a relatively new government, it may be impossible ever to know for sure." But this is no longer good enough. Relatively new governments are precisely the ones that must act forcefully, decisively, immediately. (David Ben-Gurion's relatively new government established itself in 1948 when it opened fire on a boat bringing weapons to Menachem Begin's dissident movement.) The learning curve of Yasir Arafat is not something for which Israelis may be asked to die.

And there is another problem. Arafat, for reasons of expediency, may act against Hamas physically and politically, but there is no basis for the expectation that he will act against Hamas philosophically. The objection is not as precious as it sounds. The character of the peace with the Palestinians will owe a great deal to the character of Palestinian society. That society is now riven, beyond the point of violence, by the differences between the secular and the sacred, the democratic and the theocratic. But the position of its leader in this internecine struggle is crushingly flexible. Arafat seems to think that cultural conflicts can be resolved with political skills. And so he keeps referring to the murderers as "martyrs." This is a rather spectacular concession. Martyrs are not marginal figures. Arafat can hardly be expected seriously to fight those whom he honors, or calls holy.

The conclusion is obvious. Israel cannot sit idle as Palestinian society decides on its identity. Israel will have to take its security into its own hands, it will have to act unilaterally. It is likely that this will result in an infringement on Palestinian sovereignty; but it will be commensurate with an infringement on Israeli sovereignty. The premises of peace, for Israel, are two-fold: justice and power, not to do wrong to others and not to permit wrong to be done to oneself. The confidence in the peace is owed not only to the country's beliefs, about which there are grand debates, but also to the country's strength, to its ability to defend itself. This may seem spiritually unglamorous; but a settlement that is an expression of interests, and meets the practical requirements of a society, is stronger than a settlement that is an expression of values, even if it cannot be accomplished in the absence of values.

The prospect of unilateral action by Israel will make the peace professionals anxious, but their anxiety is exaggerated. This new order will survive a war against this terror or it is no order at all. What has been achieved between Israel and Egypt, between Israel and Jordan, between Israel and the Palestinians, is almost certainly irreversible. Treaties have been signed, troops have been re-deployed, institutions have been created, economies have been animated. The opposition in Israel, which has not been the most honorable opposition in the country's history, has said that it will honor the agreements. The peace is not an illusion. But the peace comes with illusions. And, in the aftermath of the recent slaughter, disillusionment is a duty.

A joyless peace, a peace of vigilance, a peace that is only a better arrangement, an unsentimental peace, a peace with generals and funerals, a peace near the enemies of peace: it is not nothing, but it is a lot less than the peace-loving promised. Something has changed, but everything has not changed. (The old anti-eschatological knack of the Jews will come in handy.) It is not the case that "around the world, the world we see today, the fundamental differences are no longer between Jews and Arabs, or Protestants and Catholics, or Muslims and Serbs and Croats. We see all over the world what the real dividing line is—between those who embrace peace and those who would destroy it; those who look to a future of hope and those who are trapped in a past of hatred; those who open their arms and those who insist in clenching their fists." Those were President Clinton's words at a memorial service at the Israeli Embassy in Washington. They are decent, wrong words. It is precisely the perdurability of the past with which we are everywhere confronted. The terrorists of Hamas calculate the consequences of their actions not only on governments and authorities, but also on the fates of their distorted, unholy souls; and they belong to a community that confirms them in such an analysis. All the goodwill in the world will not stay the hand of a man who believes that he is a single deed away from heaven. Which is not to say that the possibility of forward motion is denied to those who wish to move forward. The trick is to move forward, clenched. •

How the South saved Dole.

DELIVERANCE

By Matthew Cooper

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Is this what George Wallace felt like? I'm standing in the foyer at WSB-TV in Atlanta, where the Republican candidates have come to debate. The building, with its faux-Tara look, seems more like a Southern mansion than an office, adding to the surrealness of the scene that's about to take place. In the doorway, a few yards from me, is Alan Keyes, babbling, getting hauled away by the cops. Mr. Virtue is rankled because he wasn't invited to the latest debate, and, while he always has the look of

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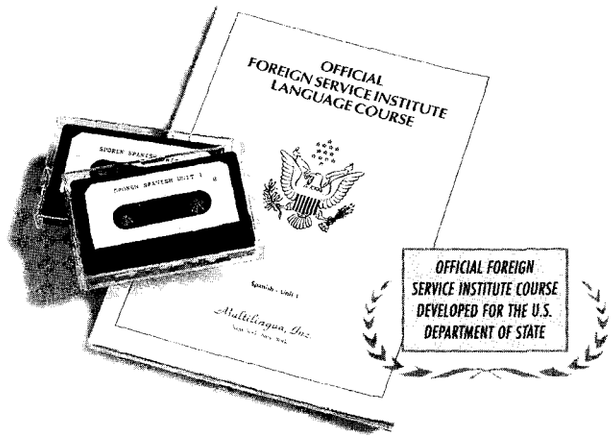
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someone who's been recently discharged, tonight he appears particularly crazed. I turn to my friend Bill Nigut, the moderator of the debate and a man nothing like George Wallace, and tell him to watch out. Before you know it, Bill, those Lugar thugs will be at your door.

Well, it was fun while it lasted. After all this drama when the country seemed to be roiling in anger, it has come down to this: Clinton versus Dole, wishy versus washy. Politics in the United States for the next six months will consist of wondering whether John Engler will be the veep. All that turbulence, gone. Think about the people who have dominated the news for the past year—Farrakhan and Powell, Gingrich and Buchanan. In the end, though, we're left with two moderate career politicians.

How did this happen? Thank the South. The region that established its identity through rebellion coronated the status quo. Buchanan had vowed to run strong in Georgia and thereby "crack open" the South on Super Tuesday the following week. Likewise, Lamar promised to run well as a "governor from the New South." The regional pandering, though, went nowhere; Dole, who offered no special pitch here, nothing besides the usual mumbling about being "tested," had the better day. Why? It is because Alexander and Buchanan came South looking for mythic images that weren't there. Each believed the region could be won with words that carry no truck here.

By many measures, the Southern exceptionalism that gave rise to a million doctoral dissertations remains. The South is no longer dirt poor, but it is still the poorest region in the country. Per-capita wealth is half of that in the Northeast. It is still the cradle of the African American experience. More than half of American blacks still live in the South, and a reverse migration means that their number will continue to rise. Whether it's religious attendance or the famous Southern premium on manners, cultural attitudes are different. (Surveys show that Southerners are much more likely to say that their contact with other people is "friendly." And, to offer an anecdote, but a revealing one, when I lived in Atlanta and took the bus, people unfailingly thanked the driver upon entering and exiting.) From the proliferation of firearms to the low concentration of dentists, the South stands out.

But more than anything, though, the South wants to be taken seriously. When Atlanta won the right to the Olympic games one of the headlines read: "WORLD CLASS." The city wants to be thought of on a par with other great metropolitan areas. Boosterism infects all cities, of course. But it seems more pronounced in the Sunbelt, where "bidness" is the tie that binds. The same sense of pride that Atlanta felt could be found in Charlotte or Nashville or hundreds of job-hungry small towns. Not surprisingly, then, the attempt to appeal to the South through older, depressing visions of itself bombed. Buchanan failed in Georgia because he played to an Old South that is rapidly disappearing. In 1992, he played on homophobia, running ads that showed gay parades. This time, he pandered wildly. He talked about his confederate ancestors. He equated "Dixie" with "We Shall Overcome." He barked about the Confederate flag, which makes up part of the flag of Georgia.

It is true that voters have rebuffed efforts to change the Georgia flag. The current governor, Zell Miller, as reasonable a Democrat as there is, thought he had found an elegant compromise a few years back that would appease angry blacks and white traditionalists. Miller wanted to drop the Confederate battle flag with its giant X of stars and bars, and which was only adopted in the 1950s as an affront to the North, and replace it with an earlier Georgia flag—one that bore the colors of the confederacy but lacked the stars and bars. That way the state could honor the past without inciting the present. Miller's idea went nowhere. Buchanan thought that flailing about the flag could rally the faithful. But there's a difference between being incensed by schemes to change the flag and supporting a candidate who makes the flag a *cause célèbre*. "Most white voters don't think that there's any reason to change it. They feel that enough is enough," says Whit Ayres, Lamar Alexander's Atlanta-based pollster.

There's no question that Buchanan played well here; he earned a higher percentage of the vote in Georgia than in any state this year, including New Hampshire. In the northern part of the state, amid the mountains and the apple orchards, the area where the novel and movie *Deliverance* was set, Buchanan found good support among the nearly all-white populace. These mountain towns with names like Blue Ridge and Ellijay were to have been Alexander country because of their proximity to Tennessee. But Buchanan ruled. He soared in rural Troup County, where mill workers fear for their jobs. At the Live Oak Plant there, owned by Roger Milliken, the textile magnate who is Buchanan's biggest backer, Buchanan rallied the troops. He stood atop a flatbed truck festooned with campaign posters and, of course, Georgia's Confederate-based flag. "We're going up there, and we're going to join that country club," said the former caddy from Burning Tree. "Gonna use the pool and everything." The plant was a tribute to Pat's view of the benevolent corporation. It had burned down a year ago, and posters everywhere claimed that the "Milliken spirit will rise above the flames!" Just like Atlanta after the Civil War.

But, outside of these cantons, Buchanan's blunderbuss protectionism didn't play any better in Georgia than it has in the rest of the country. Buchanan talked to people as if they were losers, and, in the South, which knows something about defeat, that's not always a great approach. Indeed, the state of Georgia, unlike the rest of the country, actually had a trade surplus with the rest of the world in 1995, according to Wachovia Bank. It's not surprising, then, that just up the road from Milliken's empire, in Atlanta, the city's entire success has been based on a rejection of Buchananism. As late as the end of World War II, Atlanta was the size of Mem-

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A view from Washington

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phis or Birmingham. It boomed because of a moderate racial climate and internationally minded businesses. Coca-Cola, Atlanta's hometown company, suffered through the embarrassment of having bottlers from Brazil be subjected to Jim Crow. An alliance of business leaders, led by Coke's Robert Woodruff, and moderate blacks forged a change in the city's culture, leading it away from segregation ahead of the rest of the South. The tolerant racial climate was good for business, attracting corporations, Northern migrants and even the South's first Major League baseball team, the Atlanta Braves, in 1966. Now the state is consumed by the Olympics, the epitome of goodwill and internationalism. Construction is everywhere. In a city that prides itself on being "too busy to hate," Buchananism made little sense. The city won the Olympic games in large part because it lured the swing vote of the African delegates to the International Olympic Committee. Buchanan's slurs about those people ruining his hometown of Washington with "bongo drums" wouldn't play here. Dole's chamber-of-commerce sensibilities were a better fit.

Why did Lamar fail here? In his ads, Alexander portrayed himself as "a governor from the New South." The term New South is more than a century old, applying to the post-Reconstruction era. In its most modern incarnation, it referred to the activist governors elected in

Attack dogs

One thing Bob Dole knows how to do: blame people. After his poor showing in New Hampshire and Delaware, he lambasted rosy internal polls and his campaign's reliance on *negative* ads. So he fired his chief pollsters, Bill McInturff and Neil Newhouse, and pushed out deputy campaign chairman William Lacy. He was determined, he implied, to turn positive and avoid polling errors in the future. Strange. The polls McInturff and Newhouse had provided—26 percent in New Hampshire (one point off) and 27 percent in Delaware (dead-on)—were models of professional accuracy. Stranger still, the replacements Dole has hired are far more negative than their predecessors. In fact, the new guys—Tony Fabrizio, Fred Steeper and Don Sipple—are widely acknowledged by political professionals to be the hardest and nastiest right-wing operatives around.

What the appointments suggest is that the key to Dole's post-Georgia campaign won't be a "new Bob Dole" or a fight for the "heart and soul" of the Republican Party, but a brutal lunge for the rhetoric and constituency of the Buchananites. Dole's new chief pollster, Fabrizio, worked for Buchanan briefly in 1992. Dole's new adviser, Fred Steeper, has argued that isolationism is the only foreign policy that can win elections. And Sipple, Dole's new chief strategist, is arguably the GOP's meanest attack-ad wizard.

Fabrizio is probably the best known of the three. After studying under New York GOP pollster Arthur Finkelstein, he formed his own ultra-conservative firm whose clients included the Christian Coalition and—to the annoyance of the Republican Party—firebrands who challenged moderate GOP incumbents.

Fabrizio's supplanting of McInturff and Newhouse was the latest twist in a long rivalry. In 1992, Fabrizio and three other pollsters challenged McInturff and Newhouse's post-election survey, which warned that Bush lost because many voters viewed the GOP as narrow-minded. Fabrizio argued, in contrast, that the Republicans had gotten away from their conservative roots. He has argued that in future elections Republicans need to press hard on character issues. One example of what Bush should have done, Fabrizio argued in *Harper's* magazine, was run a 1-900-GENIFER (sic) line. When callers dialed, Fabrizio suggested, they could "press 1 to hear Clinton talking to Gennifer Flowers; press 2 to hear Clinton flip-flop on the draft. . . ."

Sound distasteful? Not to Fabrizio, who in 1988 dreamed up the famous Willie Horton ad and shielded the Bush campaign by producing it through an independent group called Americans for Bush. While Dole has said he is pulling all his own attack ads, he has revealingly refused to say he'll stop independent ads on his behalf.

Dole claims that negative ads have debased this spring's GOP primaries, but Fabrizio disagrees. "Negative ads are the most informative ads we see on TV," he told political strategists at a 1992 training seminar. His most fervent co-believer is Dole's new media strategist, Don Sipple, also a master of the Horton genre.

In a crime spot for Illinois Governor Jim Edgar, Sipple used grainy images and an ominous voice-over: "Crime in Illinois: more random, more violent. Criminals younger and younger." In an ad for Governor Pete Wilson, illegal immigrants were shown sprinting across the border while Wagnerian music played. Sipple's philosophy is that negative ads draw a candidate's constituency to the polls. "Running on your record doesn't go very far," he told *The Dallas Morning News* shortly before the 1994 election. "People don't think the past is particularly relevant. Their concern is about the future." So much for the candidate of experience.

The third new Dole hire, Fred Steeper, will advise the campaign on policy. If Fabrizio and Sipple are likely to intensify the negativity, Steeper will try to coopt Buchananism. On affirmative action, Steeper says candidates should tap into voter anger about quotas. On foreign policy he says the public's attitude is America first. On free trade, Steeper told *The Christian Science Monitor* in 1991, candidates can't win on any platform except protectionism: "There is not a political base for free trade. Only college-educated people understand the benefits." And Steeper specializes in the electoral advantages of scapegoating homosexuals: "Deep down, even those against rights for blacks believed the discrimination was wrong, and most felt guilty about it," he told *The Washington Post*. "For the 45 percent opposed to the homosexual lifestyle, deep down they think they are morally right."

So much for a kinder, gentler Bob Dole. More likely is a fall strategy that goes full-throttle after the president's character. Steeper and Sipple both described Bush's failure to go directly after Clinton's character as a central weakness in his campaign. "They have to throw darts at one bull's eye," Sipple explained in *The New York Times* just weeks before the election. "It has to be Clinton's credibility. I would deal with it very explicitly. Just frame it there at the top of the commercial: How much can we really trust Bill Clinton?" But, with friends like these, how much can we really trust Bob Dole?

STEPHEN GLASS

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Yellow Journalism

Recently, *U.S. News & World Report* had a cover story called "Why Teachers Don't Teach" (February 26, 1996). It blamed our overall educational problems—and especially the fact that there are some incompetent teachers—on problems with teacher education, licensing, hiring, evaluation, tenure, and dismissal policies. And it pinned the blame for all these problems on teacher unions. These are important issues. Unfortunately the article was as accurate and constructive about them as the Willie Horton ad, which ran during the 1988 presidential campaign, was about our crime problems.

Yes, there are some bad teachers (and doctors, lawyers, barbers, parents, reporters, etc.). Teacher unions would strongly prefer there to be none. But we don't run colleges, teacher education programs or teacher licensing systems, though we've aggressively pursued much higher standards in all of them. And we're not the ones who routinely ignore even the modest teacher licensing standards by issuing "emergency" credentials to people who don't pass muster.

Nor do unions hire, evaluate, promote, or grant tenure to teachers. School boards and principals do that. *U.S. News* doesn't like the results but nevertheless argues that school boards and principals should be given an absolute, incontestable right to fire a teacher they evaluated favorably for years and then tenured. Why would their judgment be any better *after* they granted tenure than it was before, when they had unchecked power to fire or retain the teacher?

Tenure is a right to due process; it's not a job guarantee. Like democracy, it is hardly perfect, but it's better than the alternatives. It is certainly better than resting our faith on individual and governmental infallibility, which is what *U.S. News & World Report* would put in its place. A more practical and achievable solution for mere mortals would be to make the system for determining and removing incompetent teachers faster, more professional, and less legalistic.

Actually, the utopia that *U.S. News* longs for, where teachers have neither collective bargaining rights nor due process and school boards and principals can pretty much do what they like, already exists. It's called the American South. So here's a simple test. If teacher unions are responsible for the problems of our educational system, states like Texas, Alabama, and Mississippi should post much higher student achievement than the states where teachers have collective bargaining rights and due process upon tenure. And they should be even farther ahead than, say, Japan, where teachers get tenure the day they are hired and unions are far more powerful than ours. Moreover, England, which gutted teacher unions and teacher rights under Margaret Thatcher, should have much higher student achievement than it did pre-Thatcher. Wrong on all counts.

U.S. News seems to think that collective bargaining agreements—the article calls them "teacher union contracts"—are written exclusively by teacher unions. Wrong again. They are the products of negotiations with school board representatives, and the results must be ratified by the school board, as well as by rank-and-file teachers. I've negotiated a lot of contracts, and there's not one I wholly liked. On some points the union wins, on others the school board wins, but usually there is a compromise. Once in a while, something gets through that shouldn't have, but both sides have to share the responsibility for that.

U.S. News also alleges that even teachers dislike the contracts negotiated by their union. No question that some teachers do. But the article's allegation that unions don't represent their members is preposterous. The "demands" the union puts on the negotiating table represent the views of the majority of teachers. Union officials and their members talk together constantly, educating one another about issues and about what's sound and doable—and union leaders stand for election every two years. The article also accuses teachers of pursuing their self-interest. Guilty as charged; that is the American way. But saying that teachers *always* put themselves ahead of the needs of students is as incredible as believing that the school boards we negotiate with never put themselves or the interests of management ahead of the interests of students or the public.

The article makes a big point about teachers' teaching outside of their specialties. There is no question that this happens, but when math or science courses are taught by English or history teachers, it's rarely, if at all, because of unions or seniority rules; it's because of chronic shortages of teachers in these fields. And if it has ever happened that a union has demanded that a more senior teacher licensed in, say, math be allowed to bump a more junior teacher licensed in another subject or a high school teacher to bump an elementary teacher on the basis of seniority, somebody ought to come to the bargaining table and demand that the rules permitting these things be changed. We don't get rid of democracy because of occasional bad laws; we change the laws.

The cover girl for "Why Teachers Don't Teach" is a Harvard graduate who could not get a job substitute teaching in New York City, and the reporters allege that she illustrates how union rules and bureaucracy discourage the best young people from becoming teachers. Her story may be an example of a bureaucratic mess, but it is not a union mess. Assuming the facts are as reported, the young woman was unable to get her job because of licensing office procedures (over which the union has no authority). And if the teacher union—in this case AFT—acts as a roadblock to getting talented people into teaching, then how come this young woman got a job in another school district where AFT also represents the teachers?

It's a shame that *U.S. News & World Report* chose to take a cheap shot at teachers and their freely elected representatives when they could have dealt constructively with the serious issue of teacher quality. It will make the task of reform all the more difficult. How many talented young people did they encourage to come into or remain in teaching with their headline "Why Teachers Don't Teach" and by advocating that teachers should have no rights? Undoubtedly, a lot fewer than the ones they allege have fled teaching because of teacher unions, collective bargaining, and due process.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1996 by Albert Shanker.

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the wake of segregation—Jimmy Carter, Dale Bumpers, Reuben Askew. Alexander's governorship was very much in that tradition; but in his campaign he moved to the right. His devolution fetish made it sound like government could do no good. And, while that kind of pitch works well among a conservative slice of the electorate, it was so transparently phony that no one bought it. Regional pride couldn't trump hypocrisy. Just as the South rejected Jimmy Carter in 1980 and was the toughest region for native sons Bill Clinton and Al Gore in the 1992 general election campaign, it was no more ready to embrace Lamar simply because he spoke with a drawl.

For the rest of the year, there will be much talk about the South. At the Clinton White House, where aides are already gloomy about states like Georgia and Kentucky, which the president took in 1992, there is hope that Florida, with its throngs of Medicare-alarmed seniors, could go for the president. (Indeed, seniors are the hidden story of recent elections. They moved with the greatest velocity of any group to the GOP in 1994, largely over fears about the Clinton health care plan. They seem to be moving away from Gingrich in the largest numbers now. But they are also Dole's strongest group. If you want to know who'll win in November, ask Grandma.) But the attempt to appeal to the South *qua* the South may not make much sense anymore. Southerners have pretty much the same concerns as you'll find in Maine or Michigan. Of course, the regional panders can be entertaining. When Keyes got led off in handcuffs, he started mumbling something about how this could happen in the home of Martin Luther King. He even complained about not being read his rights; as if he'd been an admirer of Earl Warren. Alas, for Keyes, the police weren't listening to his plea. Neither, it seems, were the voters of the South. •

Is Forbes worse than Pat?

THE REACTIONARY

By John B. Judis

For two decades, Republican presidential candidates have threatened to dismantle Lyndon Johnson's Great Society, while simultaneously pledging to preserve such popular liberal reforms as Social Security and Medicare. These reforms were based on the assumption that, without government intervention, corporate capitalism would create extremes of wealth and power that would undermine the American commitment to social equality. Democrats and Republicans from Woodrow Wilson to Ronald Reagan quarreled over the extent of intervention but not over the need for it.

Malcolm S. "Steve" Forbes Jr. is the first major presidential candidate since Barry Goldwater to step on what he calls the "third rail of American politics" and directly attack these reforms. Forbes is promising to replace the graduated income tax with a flat tax and partially privatize Social Security and Medicare. And he's getting votes—not enough to be nominated, but enough to have a long-term impact on Republican and national politics.

Look at Forbes's proposals for a flat tax in the light of this history. In the U.S., the first major group to promote a graduated income tax was the People's Party in its 1892 platform. The first income tax was enacted by the Wilson administration in 1913. It was given its modern form in Franklin Roosevelt's Second New Deal of 1935. The graduated tax's purpose was not to undermine capitalism but to reduce, if only slightly, the gap between rich and poor that had grown wider during the 1920s. Inherited wealth and capital gains were both taxed, and rates rose with higher incomes. Now Forbes would abolish any difference in tax rates and exempt inheritances and capital gains from taxation. He would return to the regressive system of the nineteenth century, when money was raised largely through tariffs and sales taxes.

As Forbes contends, his current proposal of a 17 percent rate, along with generous personal exemptions, would eliminate taxes on the poor and provide the middle class with a small savings, while eliminating taxes on wealthy individuals who live off interest from their investments. But Forbes's proposal would never be enacted in that form, because it would add $200 billion or more to the deficit. Exemptions would either have to be scaled back, or the 17 percent rate raised, *increasing* taxes for the lower-middle and middle classes. In either case, the flat tax would be acutely regressive.

Forbes would also undermine Social Security and Medicare. The Roosevelt administration enacted Social Security in 1935, and the Johnson administration passed Medicare in 1965. Like the graduated income tax, both measures were intended to mitigate capitalism's excesses, but in a different manner. They didn't affect income distribution directly. Instead, they created a public sphere—a kind of national town commons—where Americans could receive needed services regardless of their income. While one senior citizen might still live more comfortably than another, all Americans would be spared the dreaded prospect of outliving their savings and losing access to health care.

As insurance systems, both programs depend for their political support and fiscal health on universal participation. If it's only the sick or the middle-aged who pay in, the costs will go up astronomically. But Forbes's proposals would allow the young to opt out of Social Security and the wealthy to opt out of Medicare. The young would be able to invest their money in private individual retirement accounts. The well-to-do could invest in Medical Savings Accounts, wagering their Medicare premi-

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ums on continued good health. If they needed minor surgery or expensive medication they would have to pay out of their own pocket up to the point where they were eligible for catastrophic care. But, if they remained healthy, they could reclaim part of their premium as an investment. By removing these citizens from the Social Security and Medicare rolls, the programs would likely degenerate into ill-funded and unpopular welfare measures for the working class and infirm.

Forbes justifies these proposals on the quasi-populist grounds that they would transfer power from the government to the people. "All the proposals I've made in this campaign have the common thread and theme of returning opportunity, power, responsibility, control to the American people, to the American family, to American communities," he said on February 19. That's at best half-right. A young corporate lawyer could perhaps choose whether to pay Social Security or invest that part of his income in a hot mutual fund. But, for someone approaching retirement without the benefit of large stock holdings or a hefty pension, the choice would be illusory.

STEVE FORBES BY JOHN SPRINGS FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Forbes's other reforms follow the same pattern. He is not content to allow parents to choose among public schools. Instead, he wants to grant them vouchers to use at public, private or parochial schools. Once more he wants to sell off public space. Like the social reforms of the twentieth century, the public school system was intended to create a realm of rough equality. The very rich sent their kids to prep schools, but almost everyone else—from the town doctor to the grocery clerk—sent their kids to the local public school. This public education system is currently in deep trouble—not because all the schools are bad, but because a chasm has opened up between wealthy suburban and poor urban schools. Forbes's solution would be to replace this single public system with publicly financed private systems that will select applicants by income and background. It's easy to imagine what the result would be: the educational equivalent of the current disparity in health care between the disreputable and dangerous Medicaid clinics frequented by the urban and rural poor and the best private hospitals.

It is not that government institutions are in no need of reform. As David Osborne has argued, insulation from the winds of change that have swept through the private sector has led them to ossify over the last century. They need to be reinvented so they perform their functions more fairly and efficiently. But Forbes simply wants to cede these functions to the private sector, where they will be subject to the inequalities spawned by the market.

Voters are attracted to Forbes because they blame government for their economic ills. Forbes supporters always seem to have their own personal story of injustice at the hands of the IRS, the EPA or even the postal service. Forbes himself seems to believe sincerely that government lies at the root of every American problem—from falling wages to divorce. He thinks the current American economy, if freed from government intervention, will create an "economic boom of historic proportions" that will lift wages and profits. "The way you drive wages up is by having a productive, vigorous economy," he said in a public forum in New London, New Hampshire. It's a sincere but crazy optimism. Forbes doesn't even begin to grapple with our central economic conundrum: that, in the new global economy, it is quite possible for rapid growth to coincide with a decline in median wages. That's what happened in the 1980s.

Forbes derives his strategy for unleashing the American economy from the supply-siders of the late '70s. When challenged that his tax cuts will widen the deficit, his first line of retreat is to deny that they will. "Every other candidate in this race has accepted the liberal notion that tax cuts produce deficits," he told the Conservative Political Action Conference last month. Fiscal prudence is now liberal! Faced with the fact of large deficits in the '80s, Forbes's next line of retreat is to

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deny that deficits matter at all. According to Forbes, the Reagan years show that "a big budget deficit does not necessarily mean higher interest rates."

Forbes's reasoning here is equally faulty. He fails to note that real interest rates remained high through the '80s and would have gone even higher if the Japanese had not spent their trade surplus on American real estate and treasury bills. (Taggart Murphy makes this point convincingly in his new book, *The Weight of the Yen.*) Forbes's final argument is the gold standard. "The volatile dollar is a critical reason that real gains in wages for most Americans have not seen much growth since the 1960s," Forbes wrote last spring in *The Durell Journal of Money and Banking.* "With a reliable greenback, interest rates would be sharply lower than they are today ... we could more than halve the budget deficit without cutting one penny from existing federal programs." During the campaign, Forbes hasn't spelled out his ideas about gold, but he has hinted at the need for "sound money" or a "fixed currency."

Forbes's theories about the gold standard are perhaps his loopiest. The proposal itself is frivolous. No American president can re-establish the gold standard without the consent of other nations, consent they are unlikely to give. And, even if a president could unilaterally re-establish the gold standard, its effect could be dire. By removing the Federal Reserve's discretionary power over interest rates, a new gold standard would put the American economy at the mercy of international gold prices and overseas shocks. It could lead to a recurrence of the panics and sharp recessions that occurred during the heyday of the gold standard from 1880 to 1913. (Those who want to dwell further on this possibility can consult the September 1995 *Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis Review.*)

Like other prisoners of a worldview, Forbes is unwilling to recognize contrary evidence. In his editorials in *Forbes,* he repeatedly lauded New Jersey Governor Christie Todd Whitman's tax-cut plan, which he helped design. As late as last July, he was boasting that New Jersey's "properly structured tax cuts" were "creating more jobs than its neighbors' or the nation's." But the facts are otherwise. At the end of last year, unemployment in New Jersey hit 7.3 percent, the second highest of any industrial state, and the Garden State ranked fortieth in income growth. On the campaign trail, Forbes still singles out the New Jersey experiment.

Forbes represents the second coming of Reaganomics: less tragedy than farce. Many of the first advocates were politicians like Jack Kemp, who endorsed Forbes but who combined supply-side zealotry with a real understanding of poverty, old age and joblessness. They retained the original commitment to social equality that animated populists and progressives. Forbes, in contrast, along with Washington's new apostles of privatization and deregulation, represents the constriction of conservatism into an abstract ideology of the rich and powerful. If the conservative movement slides toward mere reactionary-ism, the Forbes candidacy, as much as Buchanan's, will be a milestone in the decline. •

CAMPAIGN JOURNAL

REALITY BITES

By Michael Lewis

February 28:

Downtown Atlanta: I retrieve my long-lost luggage from a pile of flotsam in the lobby of the Marriott and hop into a van behind Buchanan and half of Atlanta's police force. Our driver, a local peasant taking time off from his pitchfork, is laconic about the fuss. "I'm not used to driving with the police in front of me," he says. "I'm used to them being behind me." We follow Buchanan through red lights over to the CNN studios, the equivalent in the Buchanan story of Dr. Frankenstein's laboratory. There I squeeze into the elevator with the candidate, his aides, four Secret Service agents and a bone to pick.

"Well, look what the cat dragged in," says Buchanan when he spots me.

"You ditched me six days ago in South Carolina," I say. "You left me in a second-rate hotel. You stole my bags." Buchanan is wearing a wrinkled dark suit, white shirt, red tie. His face looks tired and puffy—he didn't get to sleep until after one and rose at four to speak on the radio. Perhaps it isn't the best time to pick a fight. Still, he seems to consider my complaint. "In the Nixon era," he says, finally, "we used to leave you guys behind deliberately. But this time it was probably a mistake."

The word is that Pat is crushed by the Arizona results—he threw all his ferocious energy into a state

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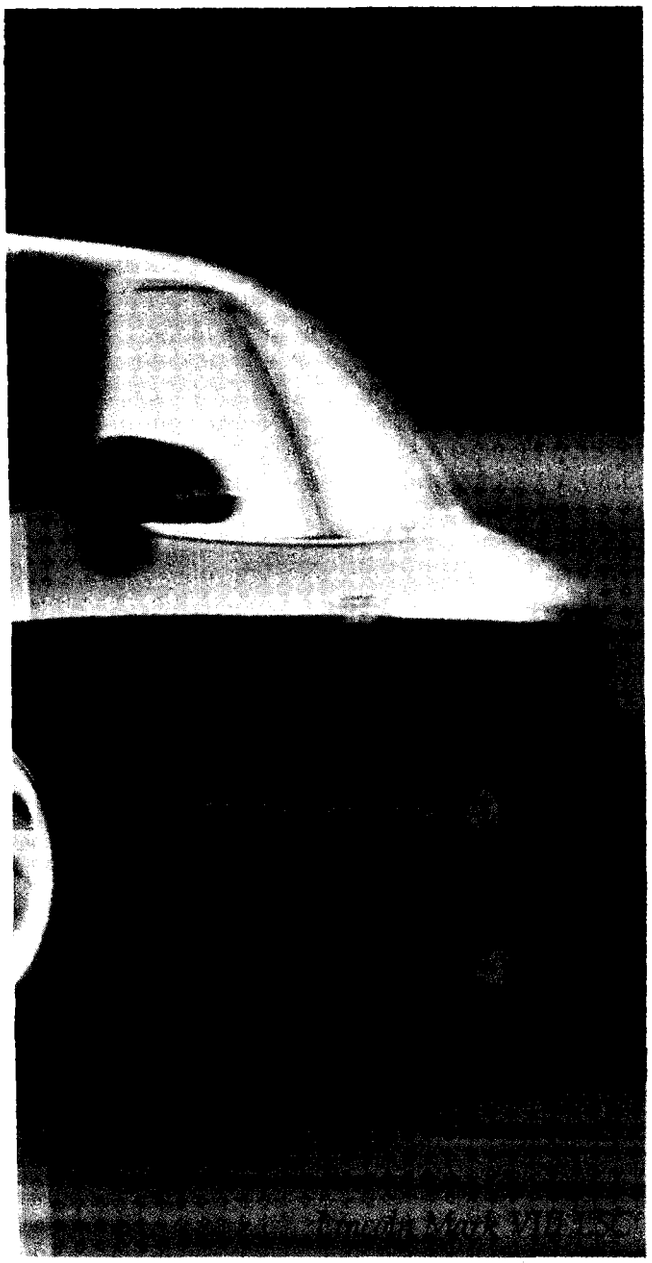

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he was meant to win and wound up third. One of the reasons he wound up third, it seems, was that he campaigned with a bit too much ferocious energy.

My own impression is that Buchanan is happier now, since, like all romantics, he is more deeply attracted to failure than to success. He hasn't the first idea how to behave when he wins. Among the first things he said when he climbed aboard the plane after *each* of his three victories—Alaska, Louisiana and New Hampshire—was, "this is the first election I've ever won." Certainly no historian who gazes back over the newsreels of Buchanan's Arizona campaign—grabbing for the black rather than the white cowboy hat, lifting machine guns over his head, etc.—will argue that it was designed actually to seize power. Buchanan has no real interest in getting his hands on power. He's only secondarily interested in having his views written into the Republican Party platform: the moment that happens he'll have lost his purpose in life. That purpose is to remain an outsider.

February 29:

One reason I find myself rooting for Buchanan despite disagreeing with him on just about everything: he has been ganged up on by a self-righteous elite whose sense of itself is bound up in its belief that he is worse than he is. William Safire is now saying that, on the spectrum of anti-Semitism, if most Americans are a one and Hitler a ten, Buchanan is a four or a five. Compare this to the blurb on the cover of Buchanan's 1988 memoir, *Right From the Beginning*:

"My old friend from the Nixon White House days has written a crackerjack book with humor, wit, poignancy, and, perhaps, prophecy."—William Safire.

I arrive at the Sheraton on the outskirts of Columbia, South Carolina, about a half hour before the candidates are scheduled to collide in something called the Business and Industry Trade Association debate. Waiting for the candidates, who have yet to appear, is a small lily-white crowd waving Dole signs just outside the hotel's entrance and a slightly larger crowd of young black protesters beside the highway just off the hotel's property. Every now and then a black person wanders onto Sheraton turf and is removed by police officers. Order reigns, at least for a moment. But then suddenly there is a commotion at the hotel's front door, and a roundish black man with flipper-sized feet is propelled into the sunlight. "These money-grubbing interests are trying to exclude my message from the agenda," he shouts to two or three people who happen to be standing around.

It's Alan Keyes! He is staging his hunger strike until he's allowed to debate.

I follow him as he makes his way alone down to the strip of land along the highway where the black kids march with signs. It occurs to me that it is the first time I have seen Keyes with other blacks. They instantly recognize him and gather around. A pair of television cameras turn up, and Keyes lets fly. "I have now been excluded from the debate arbitrarily," he explains. "Arbitrarily and without justification. Because I'm doing well they want to keep me out."

"Is this racism?" asks a reporter. The kids start to chant: "E-Rase—Racism—E-Rase—Racism!"

"I frankly do not know what it represents," says Keyes, generously.

"What do you think of the Confederate flag?" asks one of the black kids. Keyes could care less about the Confederate flag, of course. Indeed in one of his many wonderful stump riffs he argues that people and groups who focus on symbolic slights tend to win a lot of meaningless symbolic battles. But he looks into the crowd and knows that it isn't the time to go into what he believes.

"I feel that the rebel flag is an inappropriate symbol of what I believe in," says Keyes, and the kids go wild. They start up a chant.

"Brother on the move! Brother on the move! Brother on the move!"

But, as he flaps on down the highway on his flipper feet, no black man ever looked less like a brother on the move. I suddenly recall something Morry Taylor said about him after the final New Hampshire debate. "Keyes has got that look in his eye," said Morry. "I seen it with other guys. He's just gone up and up and up, and now he's out of the universe. He's never coming back." Morry was right—Keyes has crossed the invisible line into fanaticism. He's no longer subject to the thousand little restraints on his behavior that govern a man with conventional ambition. He's Gandhi after South Africa, St. Simeon Stylites after his pillar years.

Keyes's exclusion merely helps Buchanan, who is now the only sexual moralist left in the debate. Buchanan, for his part, shrewdly claims that he is outraged that Keyes is not included. The sight of Buchanan defending Keyes—who spends about a third of his life lacerating Buchanan—reminds me of the only other thing I can think of that the two men have in common: a lack of self-control in the presence of food. Buchanan cannot pass a Dunkin' Donuts without a twitching in his soul; I once made three stops with him there in one day. Keyes is, if anything, even less continent. One morning in Iowa I watched him pay a call on McDonald's just as the menu was seguing from breakfast to lunch. Keyes bought an Egg McMuffin, a sack of Chicken McNuggets, a Quarter Pounder with cheese and a large fries. Back on the road he made quick work of the McNuggets and the Egg McMuffin and then tried to put the burger aside. Five minutes later, however, he announced that he might as well eat his lunch with his breakfast and polished off the rest.

And now a hunger strike!

March 1:

I drive down to Charleston after midnight with a new friend who loathes campaign buses as much as I do so that we can be at the Citadel when Buchanan

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Tex-mix

If the Republican primaries have had a unifying theme, it has not been, as many have noted, a balanced budget. Trade and immigration? Don't touch them. Even taxes remain contentious. The only thing to bring them all together has been the nostrum that the federal government should radically devolve power to the states and eliminate bothersome bureaucracies. The candidates haven't spelled their plans out much. In Texas, where they're headed next week, they don't have to.

Over the last decade, Texas has become a giant political laboratory for the Republican revolution. Forget Washington, say the new leaders in Austin. Texas will show the way to the post-Great Society, post-welfare state America.

Well, it isn't pretty. Texas faces the same issues that devolution raises throughout the country, but in exaggerated form. For one thing, it has more than its share of poor people (the fourth-highest poverty rate in the country in 1994, at 19.1 percent), with especially large numbers of poor children and immigrants. For another, it doesn't spend much on them. In AFDC and Medicaid payments, Texas routinely ranks forty-eighth in the nation. In state spending per capita, it's fiftieth. And, even if Texas pols wanted to respond to federal cutbacks by spending a bit more, they might not be able to. The state constitution is full of tightwad provisions that make a state income tax almost impossible, require a balanced budget and limit the amount the state can spend on welfare: GOP heaven. If liberals are right, and devolution is the starting gun for a race to the bottom in social services, the bottom is probably here.

State representative Ric Williamson is one of the most enthusiastic advocates for the Texas model. His message is that there are, and always will be, fiscal limits, that limits mean choices and that choices mean losers. "We have goals.... We're gonna rank those things, then we're gonna ask ourselves: For what benefit and for whom? At the state level, we can say we're going to eliminate typhoid. That's an easy goal to reach, it'll take $40 million, and we can say we're going to do it. So who benefits? Do children or is it hospitals and doctors? Maybe that's not as valuable as a child spending less than two hours with an abusive parent."

Not exactly a glorious future, having to choose between stopping disease and stopping child abuse. And Williamson is honest enough to concede this. He knows that devolution is an imperfect system, that it will work better in small communities than in cities, that some good ideas, like reducing the high-school dropout rate in poor areas, will fall to the bottom of the state to-do list. But his response is an almost mystical faith in the market and its capacity to reflect the right balance between some people's needs and other people's wallets. "The market always wins. There is no instance in history where it did not correct itself."

The same belief comes through when he describes how school districts might help assess the skills of welfare recipients: the state could pay them $100 a head to evaluate welfare mothers so they could find appropriate work placement. Aren't public schools already stretched to the limit? "An amazing thing will happen. When there's a financial incentive, strained resources are suddenly not so strained. See, now there's no incentive in government to find a way." What about deep cuts in funding for services like daycare for these carefully assessed welfare mothers? "My church will step forward, and we'll stand the audit to be sure we did it right. Now, I'm not a member of the religious right [but] ... in Texas we're not afraid of churches." Maybe not, but churches should be afraid of Texas. Catholic Charities USA has determined that every congregation in America would need to come up with an extra $1.5 million over seven years to cover proposed GOP cuts in federal social-services funding.

The 104th Congress—and perhaps the yet-to-be-elected 105th—would intensify this crunch. Previously, states had to spend a specified minimum of their own money to attract matching federal dollars. In its current welfare reform blueprint, Congress allows states to put up as little as 75 percent of that previous minimum without losing federal funds. In states like Texas, the remaining 25 percent probably won't go back to the poor. The most likely recipient will be prisons. After an eight-year, $2 billion, debt-financed building binge, Texas has one of the biggest prison systems in the world; and the electorate isn't complaining. Texas could avoid a prisons versus the poor showdown by increasing revenue, of course, but don't count on it.

"No one felt good about it, but we didn't have $150 million. We ended up making tough decisions," says state representative Garnet Coleman about last year's decision to phase out a program that provided in-home care to frail and elderly people. The federal government wiped out funding, despite the fact that in-home care costs the government less than nursing homes, which are often paid for by Medicaid. Legislators tried to juggle and shift other money to cover the shortfall, but they failed. (And this was in a state House and Senate run by Democrats.) "We will not be able to afford to pick up massive federal cutbacks," the chairman of Texas's Senate finance committee told the press. "We just cannot afford it.... Though it was a good program and beneficial, we cannot afford it."

If there aren't cuts, there will be nasty trade-offs. In the 1995 session, lawmakers wanted to add 500,000 adults to the state's Medicaid rolls by covering people with an income of 75 percent of the poverty level. Governor Bush said no, couldn't afford it, and whacked the eligibility cutoff to 45 percent of the poverty level. This eliminated 250,000 people from the rolls. Still, in a soon-to-be-common act of generational balancing, some finagling did allow 600,000 more children to receive Medicaid.

Even programs that are conservative darlings are likely to suffer. Right now an average of 10 percent of AFDC recipients in each state are in a jobs program. In Texas, the rate is almost twice that. Jobs programs are expensive—people have to be trained and their children cared for. The federal government isn't likely to provide the necessary funds. But, if the number of welfare recipients with jobs or in training doesn't triple in six years, the state will lose an additional $25 million, the Congress-imposed, market-like penalty for failure to do better.

In Texas, the faith that block grants and devolution will unleash a raging inventiveness and foster local Solomons who make wise, fair choices requires a giant leap. Less money has meant some more creativity, more consolidation, smarter budgeting. But it's also meant fewer services, often for poor adults or frail and elderly people, who have nowhere else to turn. While they continue on their campaign march through Texas, the Republican candidates might do well to look around them. What they see—more people needing help and just not getting it—is the future they want to bring to the rest of the country.

JENNIFER BRADLEY

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arrives in the morning. A tour of the campus now includes a lecture on Susan Faludi and a visit to the room where Shannon Faulkner spent one night. The room is still wired with special electronics, including a panic button and a pair of video monitors. On the wall of the entrance to her barracks are two plaques, which, had Faulkner remained, she would have been required to polish.

"Duty, then, is the sublimest word in the English language—Robert E. Lee."

And: "A cadet does not lie, cheat or steal nor tolerate those who do."

On Faludi the cadets are in full *Backlash* mode. One cadet who helped her with her scathing piece about the Citadel in the *New Yorker* tells me that "she came and said she was writing a book about women trying to get into male institutions, and the next thing you know we're wife-beaters and homosexuals." If the cadets didn't have problems with women before, they do now.

We also witness the locking of the Citadel's main gates—the first time in five years, a cadet tells me. The school claims it is closing the gates for Buchanan's protection, but it is hard to see how: the gate is not a bulletproof wall but a row of thin black iron bars. More likely, as a cadet tells me, the school is terrified that Buchanan will walk on campus and make a scene. The Citadel has a better sense of survival than Buchanan; unlike him it knows how to lay low. A cadet named Mike Murphy tells me that he traveled to Washington during the Faulkner episode to solicit the support of Republicans. He met with fifty congressmen and twenty-five senators. "Every last one of them said they supported us," he says, "And not one of them ever said anything." Buchanan, on the other hand, devoted several columns to the subject, and everywhere there are signs of the bond this has created. "He stood with us when no one stood with us," one cadet says.

It's an unpleasant chilly morning. It's drizzling just hard enough that the crowd seeks protection under a tent, except of course for the cadets, who are dressed for war in a rain forest and seem to enjoy the downpour. The 200 or so cadets who turn up to cheer had to skip classes to do so. (For their transgression they will be punished with ten hours of solitary confinement.) The rain beads harmlessly on their shiny black waxed shoes and their matted black hats. A young man with a buzz cut—a former cadet, as it turns out—is hurriedly transcribing a line from a book that he feels is appropriate to use in introducing Buchanan: *To move swiftly, strike vigorously, and secure the fruits of victory is the secret of a successful war.* (It never gets used.) Of the 1,700 cadets in the corps, I ask him, how many would have turned up if they had been let out of class by their teachers? "Just to be conservative," he says without a trace of irony, "one hundred percent." What, I wonder, would be his liberal estimate? That the buildings would have come, too?

Buchanan drives up, but before he emerges from his car the traveling press must take its place beneath one of the large white tents. A man who looks distinctly like Al Franken, the "Saturday Night Live" comedian, stands alone in the rain, talking to a pair of cadets. It *is* Al Franken; he's been sent here by *Newsweek* to satirize the Buchanan campaign. Tough job! The cadets fail to recognize him, however, and, seizing the opportunity, Franken goes to work on them. He berates a pair of cadets for skipping classes to see Buchanan. "I'm a taxpayer," he says. "Why am I paying my money for you to go to school to skip classes?"

One of the cadets looks uneasy. "We're taking the consequences, sir," he says, seriously. But Franken presses. "What class are you missing right now?" he asks, in a genuinely bullying tone. "History of Western civilization," says the cadet, stiff as a rod. "Good thing to know about, son," mutters Franken, "Western civilization."

The cadets, who still don't recognize him, are growing tenser by the moment. They do their best to conceal their rising anger; they try to reason with Franken. "Sir," asks one, "did you ever go to college?" Franken says he didn't just go to college; he went to Harvard. "Didn't you ever miss class?" asks the cadet. "I'm the journalist here," shouts Franken, then claims that the question is irrelevant since Harvard is a private school, and he paid his own way. "Yes, sir," says the cadet, poface. "I understand about private schools. But you still get federal funding." Franken wheels on Sidney Blumenthal of the *New Yorker.* "Help me out here," he says, "Does Harvard get federal funding?"

As a discussion ensues, a crowd of fifty cadets become involved, and you can see some of them starting to recognize the celebrity—though his two tense victims remain oblivious.

"That's Al Franken," shouts someone.

"How do I get on 'Saturday Night Live?' " shouts another cadet.

"You want to know how you get on a show like that," says Franken, "you study. You think I missed a comedy class even once?"

The two hapless cadets now have sick little expressions on their faces, "Oh, God," says one, "I knew that guy looked like Stuart Smalley" (Franken's twelve-step character who is now featured in the moribund movie *Stuart Saves His Family*). "That's Stuart Smalley." "Who else here is from 'Saturday Night Live'?" asks the other. For a delicious moment the cadets think that Buchanan isn't coming at all, that they have been set up by "Saturday Night Live," that they are no more than an Al Franken vehicle. And you realize: Buchanan at the Citadel borders on farce.

"*A disgrace!*" Franken is shouting into a horde of cadets from under his giant red and white umbrella. "*A disgrace! For the Citadel. For the state.*"

"Cancel 'Saturday Night Live,' " a cadet shouts back. "It's dead. Kill it!"

Now Buchanan appears, to complete the picture. In the sky overhead cadets lean out of their windows to

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catch a glimpse of their lone political patron; on the ground below cadets cheer wildly. They care intensely about a small part of what he has to say, as is true of almost all of Buchanan's supporters. The church-goers who go berserk when he talks abortion barely applaud when he talks trade; the unemployed textile workers who seem rather indifferent to abortion go nuts when he flays Mr. Hashimoto. The cadets at the Citadel don't care about either economics or abortion but about Buchanan's rousing defense of Southern tradition. And who can blame them: all they have is their peculiar reverence for the past, and they have been told by everyone else that it is bad. Buchanan tells them it is noble. Nothing else matters, or seems to. Except that when it is over he shakes hands with the cadets through the bars of closed gates.

At the end of the day I stop by an Alexander rally in Charleston. "Lamar!" is painted in big red letters behind the stage, but the event has a dispirited Salvation Army band feel to it. Lamar brings on stage Alfred E. Brumley Jr. to lead the crowd in singing "Jesus Hold My Hand," but no one knows the words. Not five minutes into the event the familiar uncharitable sensation I will forever associate with Alexander rises like bile in my throat. "I fought for a long time to value our traditions," Lamar says, in his best New South manner, "but it's time to move on ahead." Lamar shows that there is no ready New South substitute for Old South feeling.

Lamar also shows how stressful it is to seem relaxed when you are not. He has finally stopped hopping up and down when he speaks, but he retains his other nervous tics. He has a habit, for instance, of staring into the crowd on his right but, every now and then, glancing quickly back to his left, like a driver checking his rear-view mirror. There is no one behind him anymore, however. All that he will see in his mirror is his own trademark, all that is left of his campaign, suspended in the air, like the smile of the Cheshire Cat:

!

March 2:

I spent the day fetching rental cars around the state and returning them to their respective companies. In eight hours of driving, the only indication that the future of the Republican Party is at stake are a pair of Dole signs and, at nearly six in the evening, an hour before the polls close, a radio spot that features Steve Forbes explaining why South Carolinians should not vote for Dole. The voters don't listen, however. The state goes for Dole in a landslide, as has been forecasted by Buchanan's demeanor since Tuesday.

I finish the day—after returning the final rental car—at the private air terminal in Columbia. As I'm waiting for Dole's plane to drop out of the sky I am gradually surrounded by Republican pooh-bahs. First to arrive is Senator John McCain. I am strangely pleased to meet a war hero who is shorter than I am. For the next twenty minutes it's just the two of us in the private air terminal, and for about the twenty-fifth time I experience a little shudder of improbability. This business of constantly bumping into the history-makers in strange out-of-the-way places is leading me to develop a gift for acting more nonchalant (less chalant?) than I feel. I am still floored by the idea that a senator will take the time to talk to me, even when he has no one else to talk to. I am amazed that any reporter in this situation can bring himself to ask a difficult question. Certainly I cannot.

This is unfortunate, as McCain is especially blunt. He seems to be committing indiscretions by the score; my problem is that I have no idea whether these are indiscretions everyone has already heard, and thus part of McCain's political persona, or true gaffes that will get him in trouble and make me famous for my reportorial skills. Is it shocking that he would not only call Ross Perot "nutty" but also tell me that Perot called him to express hurt about mild criticism? Should I stop the presses when he says that Buchanan drew more people to rallies in Arizona than he ever could? I don't know. But through McCain I do collect another curious Dole anecdote. During the five and a half years McCain spent as a Vietnam POW, Dole wore a POW bracelet with McCain's name on it. "And I never knew it," says McCain, "he never said a word about it until it came up in a speech a few years ago." McCain still backed Gramm at first, however.

At length a handful of Dole's local campaign staff arrive, followed by former Governor Carroll Campbell, followed by current Governor David Beasley, followed by Senator Strom Thurmond. When Thurmond walks in in his baggy gray suit the terminal goes quiet. The old man goes down the line shaking hands until he arrives at the lone young woman. "That pretty girl's hands are cold," he says, going back for more. "Let an old man warm them up." As he makes feeble love to her I notice that the hands of the other men bear Citadel rings. The cadets may have gone for Buchanan, they tell me, but their fathers went for Dole. There, in a nutshell, was Buchanan's problem in South Carolina: the love of order and discipline overcame political passion. People trained to follow orders make poor rebels, indeed. Once the authorities rallied behind Dole, the troops were bound to follow. When push comes to shove the Citadel will always close its gates.

And so Bob Dole was proved right: he didn't have to run to win the nomination. The nomination would be handed to him after all. At his victory rally, the stage was filled with the men who gave him his big win. You could see them up there reassuring themselves that their party had returned to normal. Sure it had. Look at it: a fanatic with a half a billion dollars buying anti-Dole ads by the bushel, a potato-faced rabble-rouser out in front of a mob of 10 million justly outraged peasants and a very angry black man who's bent on starving himself. •

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Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Getting Better

It's always fun to see a reliable old story smartly updated. This time it's the man and woman who are both in the news game, and this time of course it's the TV news game. The slick script is by Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne, suggested by an Alanna Nash novel, and it gleams with topical reference and knife-edge dialogue—not only non-cliché but anti-cliché. (By far the best Didion-Dunne screenplay so far.) It's called **Up Close and Personal** (Touchstone), and to ensure that the film belongs to its sub-genre, it has stars. Real stars.

Once they were people like Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell (in *His Girl Friday*). Here they are Robert Redford and Michelle Pfeiffer, and "it" happens. What is "it"? The invisible magnetic field created between two screen faces? Yes, that's essential. But something else, too. As we watch, the world seems to purr around us. We don't want "it" to end even though we know we're emotionally slumming.

The director, Jon Avnet, is a knowing but uncynical guide: he seems to be enjoying it, too. Avnet began as an Off-Off-Broadway director, but in the film world he has mostly been a producer. His first directing was of *Fried Green Tomatoes*. His next was *The War* with Kevin Costner, which I and millions of others missed. Now he revs up to high-tech speed. In one way he has taken the film's title to heart: besides the pacing, which never sags, Avnet works in close so much of the time that we stop thinking in terms of close-ups. They seem the film's natural habitat.

The story? Pfeiffer is a craps dealer in Reno who wants to get into newscasting, makes a demo tape, and sends out dozens of copies. Only one station responds—in Miami. There the news boss is Redford. The click isn't immediate, though we want it to be. He teaches her the job, and the way that she learns teaches him something. Ups follow downs, and so on. She moves to Philadelphia where she encounters a news star (played by Stockard Channing). Redford quits his own job to come help Pfeiffer. Still more knots are tied and untangled, and a finish is worked out by the authors to take care of the unlikely future that Redford and Pfeiffer face.

Redford long ago proved that he's not only an actor, he's a star. When he is in a non-reprehensible film, which is not always the case, it's pleasant just to be in his company. Pfeiffer has raised the level of her acting to the competent, if not too much is asked of her; and what is more important, she now has a self-assurance that allows her simply to beam on us, like a star. The cinematographer, Karl Walter Lindenlaub, understands Pfeiffer's face very well and helps her a lot.

The Philadelphia news hawk is played by the dreadnought Stockard Channing. One of Redford's previous wives is played by Kate Nelligan with utter conviction about her previous feeling for Redford and her relief at being rid of it. Both Channing and Nelligan have had star billing in previous films. Both are truly talented; neither is a star.

A few of the moments in the script suggest specific antecedents. Pfeiffer's first entrance into Redford's office, when she spills the contents of her pocketbook, is a reminder of her klutzy entrance in *The Fabulous Baker Boys*. And her very last scene, when she speaks at a big banquet, suggests the last scene of *A Star is Born*. When Pfeiffer begins to speak, I half-expected her to say, as Janet Gaynor did in the 1937 version and Judy Garland did in 1954, "This is Mrs. Norman Maine." (Well, natural lineage, I suppose. Didion and Dunne were two of the writers on the—very different—1976 version of *A Star is Born* with Barbra Streisand.)

The hot news about Joel and Ethan Coen is that they have made a tolerable film. Previously we were assaulted by the adolescent trickery and sententiousness of such numbers as *Barton Fink* and *The Hudsucker Proxy*. But in **Fargo** (Gramercy) they have shucked the brightest-boys-in-film-school doodads and have, by and large, stuck to an organic story. The results are mixed, but at least they are not uniformly pretentious.

The story, said to be based on fact, begins in Fargo, North Dakota, and soon moves to Minneapolis. It's winter; everything is snowy. The whole picture seems to huddle in down jackets and smell of damp wool. The nub of the plot is domestic kidnapping: a man hires thugs to kidnap his wife so that he can get ransom money out of his rich father-in-law. We know, naturally, that the plan is going to be stymied or there would be no picture. It ends with a number of killings and with almost a million dollars in cash lying buried in the snow that no one left alive is aware of.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Angels and Insects. *High Victorian high jinks. A.S. Byatt's novella of moral anarchy in a seemingly decorous grand family, subtly transposed to the screen by Philip and Belinda Haas. (Reviewed 2/19/96)* **Anne Frank Remembered.** *A documentary by Jon Blair that makes the familiar story even more vivid and adds fascinating detail of story and personalities. (3/4/96)* **Heidi Fleiss: Hollywood Madam.** *Made for the BBC, Nick Broomfield's documentary is unembarrassedly candid but is not mere exploitation. Movieland seen horizontally. (3/11/96)* **Lamerica.** *Gianni Amelio's stern yet compassionate look at recent history, beautifully dramatized through the story of an Italian swindler in Albania and the strange old man he encounters. (1/29/96)* **—SK**

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The film's big trouble is that it wobbles badly in tone. The opening shot, eerily photographed by Roger Deakins, is of a car approaching through the snow, headlights on though it is day, while Carter Burwell's score prophesizes dark doings. But the doings that soon follow are much more farcical than grave. All through the film, Burwell's score seems to have been written for a different picture, and Deakins's camera seems to be searching for a Bergman subject.

The man who plots against his wife is played by William H. Macy, whom some directors continue to find interesting. One of the thugs is Steve Buscemi, who as usual—and entertainingly—acts in italics. His sidekick is done by Peter Stormare, the Swedish actor who has played Hamlet for Bergman as part of a long and varied career in his country's film and theater worlds. Here he is awesomely granitic.

The plum part went to Frances McDormand, who makes the most of it. She plays the police chief of a small town who happens to be seven months pregnant. At first she seems to be a female Dogberry, just a rube constable; but through her "Yups" and "Yeahs" we soon see a quiet intelligence at work. The Coen brothers wrote her role best. Much of the time they seem to have had *Pulp Fiction* in their ears—strings of incongruous banalities; but with this pregnant cop, they struck some gold of their own.

If only they had decided what kind of picture they wanted to make. The question is not academic nicety. Their jumbling of tones makes the grim parts harder to credit and makes the funny parts seem like old-fashioned comic relief. Still, *Fargo* is a great step forward for the brothers Coen.

More about Lincoln Kirstein and film. At his memorial service a few weeks ago, arranged by the New York City Ballet, one of the speakers briefly mentioned Kirstein's connection with Sergei Eisenstein. This sent me scurrying back to Marie Seton's biography of Eisenstein to rediscover, in passages I had once marked, how Kirstein championed the director during the latter's turbulent experience in America.

In 1931 Eisenstein, financed by a group that Upton Sinclair headed, shot thousands of feet of film in Mexico. The financiers halted production. In New York Eisenstein invited Kirstein and some others to a private showing of 30,000 feet of the film, and Kirstein wrote glowingly about it in *The Hound & Horn*, insisting that the footage should belong to the artist and not the financiers, who had their own editing plans for it. After Eisenstein returned to the Soviet Union in 1932, as he had to,

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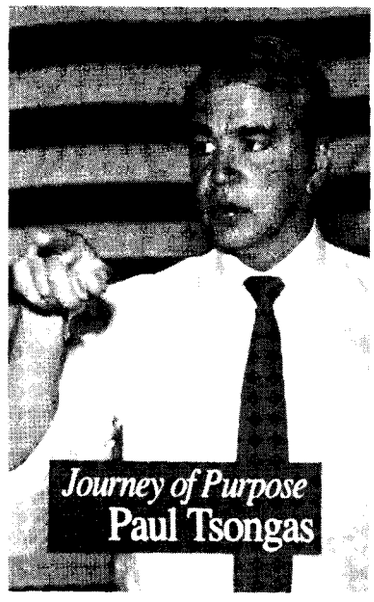

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Kirstein formed a committee to protect the unedited footage; he even formed a committee that tried, unsuccessfully, to buy the footage and send it to Eisenstein.

When a version edited by Sol Lesser (later a Hollywood producer) was to be shown in New York, Kirstein sent out 10,000 copies of a furious open letter about the outrage. At the preview of the Lesser version, held at the New School in New York, "Kirstein, who rose to protest, was forcibly ejected from the showing by Sol Lesser and a detective."

When comes such another? •

Robert Brustein on Theater

England Reaches Out

A recent journey to London provided me with some pleasures, a few pains, and one happy realization: England is reaching out. If, in the past, observers like myself could cavil about the insularity of the English stage, that term is no longer appropriate to what is happening in the subsidized theaters and on the West End. By contrast with a time when foreign plays were rarely seen, when foreign characters usually spoke with impeccable Oxbridge accents, and when about the only contact English audiences had with foreign companies was through the year-end World Theatre Festival sponsored by Peter Daubeny, the London theater is now displaying a remarkable cosmopolitanism. Perhaps participation in the Common Market and the construction of a new tunnel have extended the perspectives of this nation beyond the confines of its island parameters. Whatever the reason, of the five productions I saw on my visit, four were by non-English playwrights, and the fifth showed considerable continental influences.

The best of the lot was the National Theatre's production of **Mother Courage**. Staging Brecht has always been a challenge for English directors. The last National Theatre production of this play took place in 1965, when the company was still in residence at the Old Vic. It proved a very limp evening, directed by William Gaskill with excessive devotion to Brecht's prompt books, and performed by Madge Ryan like a decorous maiden aunt, who tried to compensate for what she lacked in peasant grit by continually punching her fists into her hips and rearing back her shoulders.

The current Mother Courage is Dame Diana Rigg, a really classy actress of considerable artfulness and sophistication, but not exactly the type you would instinctively cast in the part of a salty peasant woman. Still, as she powerfully demonstrated playing Medea under the same director (Jonathan Kent), Rigg in middle age has managed to baffle all conventional expectations, developing new physical and vocal resources that have remarkably extended her range. Appareled in an ill-fitting great coat over a fading red dress, with a grimy turban wrapped around her head, her body bent into a question mark of pain, she comes on stage straining at her wooden wagon like an animated Breughel, her face smudged with dirt and her voice a Cockney bark. Featured in the program, along with much commentary on the Thirty Years' War, are sidebars describing the "entertaining" side of Brecht. This may be why Rigg plays her part so presentationally, lobbing rough asides to the audience, unearthing the mordant comedy of her hardbitten dialogue and delivering Jonathan Dove's bracing show tunes in a whiskey baritone worthy of Elaine Stritch.

The links between Epic Theatre and musical comedy are further illustrated by the other characters, particularly the Cook, played with considerable brio by Geoffrey Hutchings. The prostitute Yvette remembers him as a man who (like the eponymous rascal of *Happy End*'s "Surabayo Johnny") always made love with his pipe in his mouth. Hutchings's Cook not only mixes smoke with sex, but dialogue with dance. He is a really engaging hoofer, belting the Solomon Song to the accompaniment of music hall patter, an athletic jig, even a smattering of cha-cha-cha.

By heightening the vaudeville values of the play, the production manages to underline how territorial greed and senseless carnage are morally justified in religious wars. David Hare's English version is particularly sharp in capturing the way Brecht uses hypocritical biblical imagery to expose human motive. (Hare may be more successful adapting plays than writing them.) Paul Bond's flexible and versatile setting is a bare stage with a turntable and upstage panel doors that are raised to reveal a variety of late medieval landscapes—many of them idealized. Only once does the production (and the design) betray the playwright—when the panel doors open on stacks of golden wheat being harvested by healthy peasant women singing a Romantic Wagner-like air. Brecht would have plotzed.

But the show recovers in the great final scene when Rigg's Courage, having lost all her children to the war because of her irrepressible need to haggle, makes one last effort to pull her wagon off stage. Earlier, upon seeing the corpse of her son, Swiss Cheese, Rigg neglected to enact the famous "silent scream" patented by Helene Weigel (she chose instead to sit back limply in a chair). She was saving her big wallop for the end. Mourning Kattrin's death, Rigg appears to have lost all the flesh in her face. Gone a little daft, a gaping death's head, she yanks at the battered wagon with all her feeble strength, and finally succeeds in budging it forward. Now a bruised and haunted skeleton, she has nonetheless managed to endure despite all the arguments for her extinction. She leaves the stage to pick up the worthless remnants of her life as the final chorus ("Spring is here, the snows are melting") chants its ambiguous paean of hope.

The Royal Shakespeare Company at the Barbican is also making some effort to connect with the Continent through an adaptation of the great Marcel Carné film **Les Enfants du Paradis**. The actor Simon Callow, who also directs, has elected to adapt Jacques Prévert's film script for what is clearly intended as an act of *hommage*. What he has produced instead is an act of *dommage*, an interminable ordeal during which you sit listening to subtitles for four hours, longing to see the original film.

In his recent biography of Orson Welles, Callow criticized the director for cutting, adapting and reinterpreting classical works. Would that he had shown some directorial boldness himself. Imagine an untrained mime slavishly trying to imitate the fluid grace and the aching passion of Jean-Louis Barrault's Baptiste. Imagine an unseasoned soubrette attempting to capture the sphinx-like mystery and enigmatic smile of Arletty's Garance. Imagine a hammy actor offering to duplicate the theatrical flair and swashbuckling charm of Pierre Brasseur's Frédérick Lemaitre. If the dialogue hits the ear like a collection of clumsy captions, the acting sounds as if it were dubbed. The enterprise succeeds only in inviting invidious comparisons.

Callow places his huge cast on a rotating wooden scaffold that is meant to convey—in the style of *Nicholas Nickleby*—the bustle and stir of an earlier period

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and place, in this instance the "Rue du Crime" in the time of Louis-Phillipe. But in place of bustle, we get busyness, instead of stir, sterility. Callow is a competent actor and a scrupulous biographer. As a director-adaptor, he needs to assert his own identity.

At the same time that the National Theatre is celebrating a Bavarian, and the Royal Shakespeare Company is sabotaging Parisians, the Royal Court is satirizing a Viennese and a Spaniard. Terry Johnson's 1993 play, **Hysteria**, which the Court recently transferred to the Duke of York Theatre in the West End, is about Freud in London during the final night of his life, though it also includes an encounter he had weeks before with the Surrealist painter Salvador Dalí. Like a number of contemporary dramatists, Johnson has a fondness for writing about celebrities, often in unlikely pairings. His *Insignificance* featured Marilyn Monroe cavorting with Albert Einstein, and his newest play, *Dead Funny*, is about the late comedian Benny Hill.

Johnson is apparently trying to find a method that encloses serious issues in farcical wrappings. This is a praiseworthy enough aim, but in *Hysteria* it accounts for some serious dysfunctions. The dying Freud's efforts to put his life and thought in order are continually being interrupted not only by a visitor's effort to discredit his work on hysteria, but also by a distracting series of slammed doors, crowded closets, dropped trousers, mistaken identities, misassigned underwear, sudden disappearances via trap doors, and other signs that the author is desperately trying to amuse. "A complete farce," says one of the characters in a line that sounds a little borrowed. "If I saw it in the theatre, I wouldn't believe it."

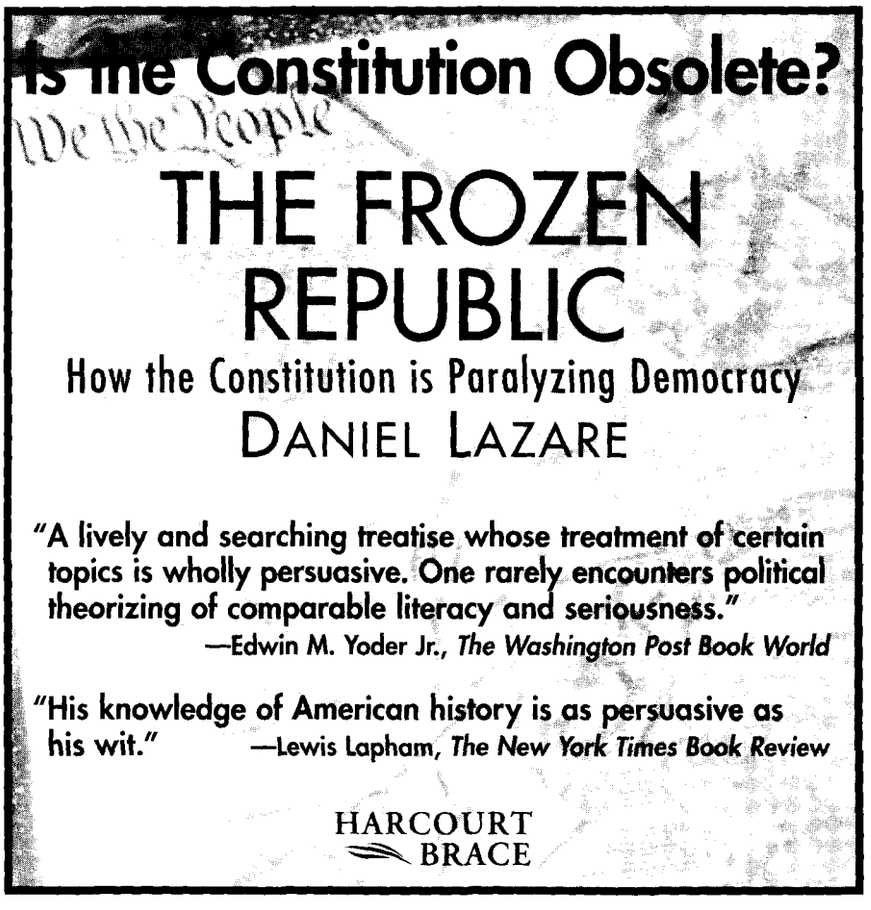
The trouble is you don't believe it. There must be some way to amalgamate English intellectual comedy with French farce—Shaw did it from time to time. But here the real issues of the play are suspended for long periods while the author tries to entertain his audience. Similarly, the presence of Dalí seems to be superfluous until the final scene, a phantasmagorical conclusion modeled to a large extent on Joyce's Nighttown chapter in *Ulysses*. Mark Thompson's set collapses to become a medley of Dalí paintings (including melting clocks, rubber doors, razor-slit eyeballs and phones that transform into lobsters) during which Freud's four recently dead sisters and his long-dead Papa call his name.

The central question of the play, however (no doubt inspired by Jeffrey Masson's efforts to dishonor Freud's thought), is whether or not Freud changed his views about the origins of female hysteria in order to protect his own father from charges of sexual abuse. He initially believed, and wrote in *Studies in Hysteria* (1895) and *The Aetiology of Hysteria* (1896), that hysteria was caused by infantile sexuality, thus giving credence to stories told by Jewish female patients implicating their sexually abusive fathers. He soon concluded, in *Sexuality in the Aetiology of Neurosis* (1898), that these recovered memories were too numerous to be credible, and thus were probably examples of wish fulfillment on the part of sexually fantasizing children. As a result of this change of mind, and because of his controversial theory of penis envy, Freud has been subject to revisionist attacks on his integrity from a variety of quarters, including this play. The vengeful visitor, Jessica, turns out to be the daughter of one of Freud's hysterical patients, and proves that her mother was actually parentally seduced by confessing that the same man later abused her.

No matter what your opinion of recovered memory—mine is low—at least this is a solid dramatic event, which engages your brain so long as Johnson can desist from tickling your funny bone. And the play concludes powerfully, with Freud's religiously observant doctor, Abraham Yahuda, giving him an overdose of morphine, and—as if the whole thing had been dreamed by Freud at the moment of death—the action beginning again with Jessica's knock on the door.

Phyllida Lloyd's production is strongly performed: Henry Goodman as an anguished, pasty-faced Freud, Phoebe Nicholls as the hysterical Jessica, David de Keyser as Yahuda with a yarmulke, and especially Tim Potter as the raging egotist Salvador Dalí, a part he plays like Franklin Pangborn on coke. His scrambled hair topping his wild eyes and waxed moustache, Potter expresses his passion for dipilated armpits while confessing that he once called out a name while making love ("My own"). Now that's both funny and true to character.

The other two productions I saw on this trip I am unable to review. A play by the American poet Naomi Wallace called **Slaughter City** and performed at the National is about to be staged at my own theater. And a Scottish play called **Trainspotting** about drugs and degradation, adapted from a best-selling novel by Irvine Welsh, was so steeped in impenetrable Glaswegian dialect and idioms that, lacking a translation, I had no choice but to leave after the first act. Still, even this incomprehensible piece of regionalism was proof that English theaters are becoming interested in languages other than their own. •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No Man Is An Island

By Tzvetan Todorov

Myths of Modern Individualism: Faust, Don Quixote, Don Juan, Robinson Crusoe by Ian Watt

(Cambridge University Press, 293 pp., $27.95)

Ian Watt occupies a special place among contemporary critics and historians of literature. His distinction is owed to three characteristics of his work. First, the longevity and the diversity of his interests, which, as he explains in the preface of his latest book, were formed in his first years of academic employment (a British citizen, Watt spent three and a half years in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp, and was already 30 years old at the end of the war): the English realist novel from Defoe to Fielding; the place of the book and of writing in the history of cultures; Joseph Conrad, the man and the work; and modern European myths. Second, there is Watt's great methodological openness. He practices a "synthetic" method: that is, he does not choose between the history of ideas, sociological analysis and formal or stylistic understanding. He masters them all. To this he brings a firm and limpid style, often tinged with irony, never contaminated by jargon. Watt addresses the common reader, not the specialist churches.

And there is, thirdly, the exceptional quality of the books that Watt has published. Unfailingly committed to empirical rigor, he nevertheless does not hesitate to address the fundamental problems of the history of thought. *The Rise of the Novel*, which appeared in 1957 and was a reworking of his dissertation, is not simply a remarkable study of a number of great English novelists; it is also an innovative analysis of modern man, in which Descartes and Locke emerge no less significantly than Richardson and Fielding. The single work that Watt published on the effects of writing, written in collaboration with the anthropologist Jack Goody, became the basis for the latter's fertile and influential work on the place of writing in the development of culture. Watt's *Conrad in the Nineteenth Century*, and his other studies of his favorite writer, illuminate not only Conrad but also the ideological and social interactions that characterized the European situation at the end of the nineteenth century.

Ian Watt is a perfectionist and a passionate teacher. This explains his ability to return, in the course of fifty years, to the same book without ever finishing it. In 1994, he fell gravely ill and was no longer able to work, but his great study of European myths, conceived in the late 1940s and underway since that time, was not entirely done. Fortunately, it was not far from completion. Watt's editor, with the help of Watt's family, has been able to put together the book that we now have. Watt would certainly have made several improvements, but the essence of his extraordinary project has been well captured.

We are all familiar with ancient myths, Greek, Roman, Christian. But how are modern myths born? Watt makes use of an ingenious definition by the French writer Michel Tournier: "A myth is a story that everybody already knows." While modern myths originate in works by individual authors, they become myths thanks to their public, not thanks to their authors. One can even say that a myth only exists when a hero is more famous than his creator. Everyone knows Don Juan, but only historians (and devotees of Mozart) are aware that he appeared for the first time in a play by the seventeenth-century Spanish writer Tirso di Molina. A myth transcends the work of its creator and resurfaces in the work of others.

Watt wants to know which modern European myths are most widespread and most long-lived, and he arrives at a list of four: Faust, Don Quixote, Don Juan, Robinson Crusoe. The first three originally appeared in literature at the time of the Counter-Reformation, at the end of the sixteenth and at the beginning of the seventeenth century; the last, a century later. All four have remained active and fertile to the present day. Watt is not interested in writing a detailed history of these myths; this has already been done. His goal is to understand the meaning of the larger cultural event. Why is it that these myths emerged at approximately the same time? And what evolution has their meaning undergone through the centuries, from the age of romanticism to the present? What do these myths and their transformations teach us about the identity of modern man? For the ubiquity and the persistence of these tales cannot be fortuitous. They at once reveal and affect the manner in which Europeans have conceived and imagined their own lives. They are both a product of and a driving force in our history.

More precisely, Watt is concerned with delineating and analyzing three levels of meaning in the myths: that which the work offers openly in reading; that which can be discerned through certain ambiguities in the text; and that which is attributed to them, one or two centuries later, by Romantic writers from Rousseau to Dostoevsky.

The original Faust—in the German *Faustbuch* (1587), which borrows elements from the real life of a certain Georg Faust, half-scientist, half-charlatan, and in Marlowe's tragedy *Doctor Faustus* (1592)—is a man who desires absolute knowledge in order to obtain absolute power, greater than the power of kings and emperors, as great as the power of the gods. Indifferent to means, he makes a pact with Mephistopheles, the devil's messenger, promising him his soul in twenty-four years; and he applies himself to magic. Such a rebellion against God, as in the more ancient myths of Pandora's Box or the Tree of Knowledge, cannot go unpunished: Faust is subjected to an atrocious death, and his soul suffers eternal damnation.

Cervantes's Don Quixote (part one, 1605; part two, 1615) is an impoverished nobleman who believes in the literal truth of chivalric romances. He repudiates the world as it is understood by his contemporaries and interprets every event or object according to his own postulates; he confuses his desires with reality. He travels the roads of Spain accompanied by his faithful servant, Sancho Panza, and experiences both success and humiliation, until a final defeat forces him to return home. On his deathbed, he recognizes his past folly, and he condemns the chivalric romances.

Don Juan Tenorio, the protagonist of *The Trickster of Seville and his Guest of Stone* (circa 1616) by Tirso di Molina, is a man who wishes to seduce all women and who, in order to do so, is prepared (with the help of his servant Catalinon) to employ any strategem, including lies and violence. Friendship and kinship count for nothing if they interfere with his plans. In the course of one of his expeditions, he kills the father of a young woman he covets, and later he mocks the stone statue adorning the tomb of his victim. One evening the statue calls

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on him and invites him to a feast. The intrepid seducer goes along and is carried off to hell. All pardon is denied him.

Robinson Crusoe (1719) is a young man who dreams of adventure. His father is opposed to his plans, but the son ignores his prohibition and sets off on a ship. His fate leads him through various incidents until the day when Crusoe is shipwrecked and finds himself stranded on a desert island. By working like a demon, he is able, eventually, to lead a fairly comfortable and agreeable life; one day he saves a young savage and names him Friday. After twenty-eight years, he manages to head for home on another ship, accompanied by his servant, Friday. There he learns that his parents are both long dead.

If we hold to these summaries of the works in which the myths first appeared, it is quickly apparent that they are all punitive. In each instance, the hero challenges the norms of society in order to follow the desire that moves him. Faust wants to acquire a power that outstrips his social status, and even his human status, by cutting himself off from God. Don Quixote wants to ignore the common perception of reality. Don Juan wants to possess all women, scornful of society's rules. Crusoe wants to experience adventures and rebels against his father's orders. They must all suffer for their desires: Faust and Don Juan face appalling deaths and are cast forever into hell, Don Quixote is humiliated and, before dying, repents of his actions, and Crusoe is condemned to long years of solitude and exhausting labor before being allowed to return home.

In the conflict which pits the individual against social norms, then, it is always the latter that triumphs. The contested hierarchies are ultimately consolidated; the rebellions are crushed, and it is better that way. These myths (above all the first three, which are more or less contemporaneous) are animated by the ideology of the Counter-Reformation, a movement of reaction to the upheaval—introduced by the doctrines of Luther and Calvin—against the traditional order.

But if these four stories were merely illustrative of the reigning morality, they would never have attained the status of myth; they would have been long forgotten. The original works offer, alongside their edifying meaning, a second meaning, which complicates the message. This they do by rendering the hero, who is horrifying in principle, sufficiently appealing; or by depicting the traditional society against which he rebels as not terribly worthy of admiration. Marlowe's hero is in the wrong, to be sure, but he is endowed with a desire to gain power through knowledge which is not, of itself, illegitimate. Doctor Faustus does not lack a certain grandeur. Indeed, it is the world around him that is not especially attractive. Marlowe even thinks that it is no better than the place of eternal punishment that awaits his hero: "Where we are is hell/And where hell is must we ever be."

Don Juan has no appealing traits, except maybe his courage in the face of the statue's challenge. He isn't even seductive. But we discover progressively that the men who surround him—friends or rivals, parents or authority figures—are no different from him, except in their lack of frankness. A little like Richard III, Don Juan speaks the truth about the world around him, and he has at least the merit of acknowledging his desires rather than pretending to submit to morality. He speaks to that part of us that wants everything right away, without any thought for the consequences.

The opposition between Don Quixote and the society around him is even more ambiguous, and probably irresolvable, caught as it is in the multiple ironies of Cervantes, that master of the novel. The chivalric ideal, after all, is a magnificent one, and Don Quixote himself is known for his goodness and his purity. As for his adversaries, noblemen, ecclesiastics or commoners, they often subscribe to a morality deserving of scorn. And lastly, in the case of Crusoe, his curse becomes a blessing. He is not all that unhappy on his island, and when he returns home he discovers that his earlier expeditions have made him rich. Free of remorse, he prepares to set off again for new adventures.

Thus the lesson of these myths, for their authors and for their original readers, was more nuanced than a simple punishment of transgression. The punishment is accompanied by sympathy for the transgressor, or the expression of a lack of esteem for the punisher. The official morality is safe, but so, too, is the individual desire to call it into question.

With the onset of the Romantic age, in Watt's account, these four myths were invested with new meaning, which derived from a misunderstanding of the original authors' intentions, but which forcefully expresses the aspirations of the new society. Rousseau sets the tone in his reinterpretation of *Robinson Crusoe*, in *Emile*, as a celebration of physical autonomy and natural life. Any idea of a punishment for transgressing the paternal order is forgotten. As Watt remarks, Defoe's "basic ecological ideal was, alas, not nature and the natural life, but the

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urbanization of the countryside." In the twentieth century, Michel Tournier proposes a reversal: it is Friday who teaches Crusoe how to live a natural life, which is greatly preferable to civilized life. (In Tournier's revision, though, the ethnocentric bias perpetuates itself: Friday ends by succumbing to the vain seductions of occidental civilization, while his white friend chooses true values, living as a hippy on his island.)

Doctor Faust undergoes a considerable metamorphosis at the hands of Goethe. He no longer seeks absolute knowledge to augment his power, but a value much more characteristic of the modern mentality: the sensation of really living. The new Faust hungers for the intensity of experience, for a moment of complete presence to himself. But he is so self-absorbed that this moment (awaited with some impatience by Mephisto, as it will herald the completion of the contract) is always deferred. Faust loves Gretchen (an episode added by Goethe), but the deaths in her family, the death of their child, and finally the death of Gretchen herself, all his fault, do not touch him particularly. In the second half of the tragedy, Faust undertakes immense public works on the marshes, designed to help the surrounding populace; but to improve their lot, he does not hesitate to pursue, and even to kill, the locals. Like many modern politicians, he is ready to sacrifice men, the better to serve Man.

Despite all this, and contrary to his sixteenth-century prototype, Faust is "saved" at the end, raised to heaven through the intervention of Gretchen, now an angel, under the pretext that "Who strives forever with a will,/By us can be redeemed." (Watt comments that "Goethe follows the bourgeois male code by awarding woman the consolation prize of spiritual salvation in return for the domestic drudgery that is her common lot on earth.") Thus it suffices to strive for a goal, to aspire to a fugitive moment of plenitude, in order for your victims to be written off, and your soul recompensed. The search for happiness has become a virtue.

As for the two Dons, the two embodiments of the Spanish gentleman, they experience diverse fortunes. In some works, but above all in the common consciousness, the ladies' man Don Juan becomes the professional lover, the adventurer in whom homage to sex compensates for infidelity: unfaithful to individual women, but faithful to Woman. The transgression of morality no longer counts, morality having lost much of its power in the course of the action. The punishment is not taken very seriously, and it is sometimes even abrogated through the redemptive love of an innocent girl. Don Quixote becomes simply the incarnation of the ideal, the exemplar of virtue, sadly conquered on this lowly earth by the forces of reality. Thus Dostoevsky places Don Quixote next to Jesus, two embodiments of human perfection, and creates Prince Myshkin, a contemporary Quixote who pays for his irrepressible attachment to good by his "idiocy." (In the nineteenth century, only those at society's margins can do good: Melville's Pierre is an assassin, Hugo's Jean Valjean is a robber condemned to hard labor.)

This was the great new reading of these old rebels: the individuals who revolt against society are heroes who arouse our sympathy, even our admiration. Their punishment is lifted, or it is forgotten. In the original versions of the myths, society triumphed over the individual. In the nineteenth-century versions, the individual triumphs over society, at least in our hearts.

One can deduce, from this summary, the wealth of questions raised by the material in Watt's book. In order to cover three centuries of European cultural and intellectual history, he is forced to choose and to condense; and specialists in one or the other work, or one or the other period, may find more to say. But this is not really important. The scheme of the whole is powerful and convincing. If I have one regret, it has its origins elsewhere. Watt's book has the curious characteristic of being very general without ever being abstract. The reason is that he grew increasingly wary of all that could not be drawn from naked fact. He became more and more attached to empirical and descriptive truth at the expense of what he called, in *The Rise of the Novel*, "a wise assessment of life," an interpretative judgment of those established facts. And since he strongly prefers empirical research over philosophical analysis, he devotes very little space to the debates about individualism. But those debates are central to his book.

The history of the word "individualism" is relatively simple. It seems that it was Tocqueville (or one of his contemporaries) who first used the term, which is presented as a neologism in the second volume of *Democracy in America*. For Tocqueville, it means a renunciation of public interests in favor of the private sphere (family, friends, pleasures). It is the replacement of the single community by myriad autonomous cells, a consequence of the egalitarian spirit that reigns in a democracy. Thus, the far horizon of individualism is solitude. But the term has also acquired a more general meaning, according to which it describes the ideology of a society that takes the human individual as its cardinal value. In this broader and more positive sense, individualism has been the dominant ideology of modern Western society since the Renaissance.

These two meanings of "individualism" raise an important question. Does the one entail the other? Is the connection between them necessary and unavoidable? Does the recognition of the individual as the subject of law, as an irreducible value, lead inexorably to social atomism, to the essential isolation of individuals? And then, in the light of Watt's analysis, another question: What light do these great European myths, which modeled our imagination, shed upon this matter?

From such a perspective, Rousseau, Goethe and Dostoevsky, the principal representatives of the shift to the modern age, are more complicated than Watt allows. Watt makes a great case for the role reserved for *Robinson Crusoe* in *Emile*: it is the only book to be given to the young man before his fifteenth year, because its exceptional merit lies in showing all that a man alone can achieve. But Watt does not tell us that, according to this same Rousseau, Emile's education before the age of 15 is but a preparation for the second, and far more important, phase of that same education, which teaches him how to live among men. "Up till now, our cares have been only children's games; only now do they take on real importance. This point at which ordinary education ends is precisely that at which ours must begin." The role of Crusoe is significant, then, but it is limited. The child must first of all acquire physical autonomy, and he must not allow himself to be wholly guided by the opinions of others; but the essential teaching is that life is spent in the company of others. In *The Social Contract*, moreover, Rousseau warns against the confusion of natural liberty, or independence (like Robinson's), with civil liberty, or autonomy, which is appropriate to life in society and which is alone truly desirable.

Similarly, Goethe's *Faust* may present an unattractive portrait of modern man, but it is not possible to absorb Goethe easily and effortlessly into romantic thought, the very subjectivity of which he struggles against. Denouncing the nature of individualism, Tocqueville wrote: "Not only does democracy make men forget their ancestors, but also clouds their view of their descendants and isolates them from their contemporaries. Each man is forever thrown back on himself alone,

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and there is danger that he may be shut up in the solitude of his own heart." Would Goethe have endorsed such a description of man? It seems unlikely, given what he says to his faithful Eckermann: "Ultimately, it cannot be helped, we are all collective beings; what we can claim as our property in the strictest sense is but little! And by this alone, how we are revealed as little! We all receive and learn as much from those who came before us as from those who are with us." As for Dostoevsky, it is evident that nothing is further from his mind than the notion of man as an essentially solitary being.

If we examine Watt's four myths closely, in their original form, we see that the hero's rebellion is against authority much more than it is against the need to live in society. Doctor Faustus revolts against the limits imposed on human knowledge, Don Quixote challenges society's consensus about reality, Don Juan mocks the rules of communal existence, Robinson Crusoe seeks to escape paternal authority. Their relative solitude is an unforeseen consequence of their act of rupture; it is not their goal. It is important also to grasp their solitude properly. Aside from Crusoe, who remains effectively alone most of the time and sees in Friday only a living and breathing instrument, the heroes of the three myths all have need of other people, but they assign them to well-defined roles: individuals to be subjugated, women to be possessed, victims to be saved.

Our heroes do not isolate themselves. They practice a particular sort of communication. All four are bachelors, cut off from their families, without children or friends; they are all also great travelers, which prevents them from entering into stable relations with those who surround them. But all of them have an indispensible social relationship with their male servants—Mephistopheles, Sancho, Catalinon, even Friday. What they lack is not sociability, but reciprocity: they have no love, no friendship, no dependents. Others are reduced, for them, to an auxiliary role or are inert objects of desire.

In this regard, the original versions of these myths describe less an individualist ideal than a masculine ideal, in which the individual owes nothing to anyone, but has need of others to accomplish his projects. As Watt himself remarks, "This suggests a degree of misogyny in modern myth-making which is in strong contrast to pre-Renaissance thought." Don Quixote, of course, stands apart, as he ends by living in genuine friendship with Sancho—which renders him, not coincidentally, more appealing than the other mythical heroes.

The original versions of the myths, in sum, describe the revolt of autonomy against authority. They do not imply that isolation is inherently linked to autonomy. What about the later revisions of these archetypes? It is more difficult here to give a single answer. If Goethe's Faust and Tournier's Crusoe are fundamentally solitary, this is not true of the other two heroes. The modern Don Juan is a neurotic who needs others (women) but cannot take pleasure in them; and Prince Myshkin, if he is deprived of stable relationships, if he is lacking in loves and friendships, must nonetheless live among men. And if we turn, moreover, to the twentieth-century narratives which have attained "mythic" status, to Kafka, to Orwell, to Beckett, we can establish two things: they are more pessimistic than the nineteenth-century myths and closer to earlier versions, from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, since they describe the crushing of the individual by the impersonal forces of the state or society; but they do not present the individual as a self-sufficient being. Man is inextricably linked to others, even if it is his curse.

Watt remains discreet in his judgments, but one can guess that his view of modern society is harsh. Commenting on Goethe's *Faust*, he writes: "Does not our culture operate on the principle 'Even if the court is unmarked and there's no final tape, keep running and you will win something in the end'? But what?" And in the final pages of his book, having noted with bitterness the decline of reading, he remarks that all the desirable alternatives "turn out to be anti-individualist: a sense of history, an absolute ethic of right and wrong, awareness of the rights and feelings of others, discipline in the family and the school, cultural elitism."

Blame it all, then, on individualism? Only if one fails to distinguish between the word's two meanings, between autonomy and solitude, by forcing the first into the second. But neither the myths nor their history permit such a conflation. It is possible to rebel against the law that comes from elsewhere (from God, from tradition) and still to worry about the human community. The law which we choose for ourselves assures the exercise of our liberty, but it is nonetheless a law. It is not necessary to reduce individualism to egotism.

—translated by Claire Messud

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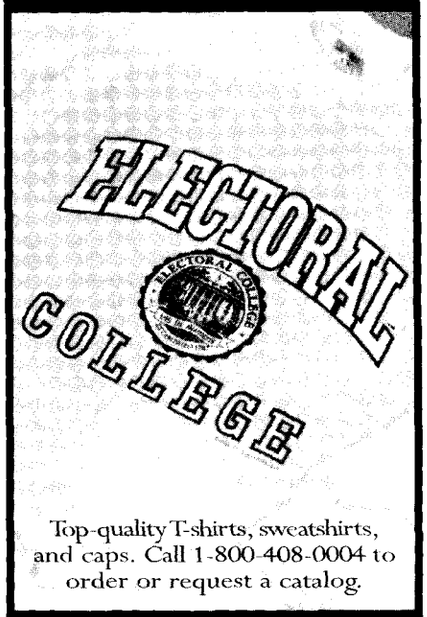

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The country that lost the cold war.

The Un-Great Game

BY FRED HALLIDAY

"Nowhere have hopes for peace and order at the end of the Cold War been mocked more cruelly than in Afghanistan." Thus writes Barnett Rubin, one of the best analysts of modern Afghanistan and the author of two astringent studies of its recent conflicts. The story of modern Afghanistan must rank as one of the great tragedies of the cold war. With Vietnam and Korea, Angola and Mozambique, Afghanistan is one of those countries in which a combination of internal conflict and external intervention led to terrible war. Over a million people, as much as 10 percent of the population, died. Up to a third of the population was displaced as refugees. Most of the educated elite fled.

Nor has the end of the cold war led to peace. When, three years after the Soviet withdrawal of force in 1989, the communist regime in Kabul fell, a new round of fighting erupted, between rival Islamic and ethnic factions. Kabul, the capital hitherto protected by Soviet and Afghan communist forces, became the scene of house-to-house fighting, of repeated shelling and bombing of civilians. Elsewhere in the country, former guerrillas and remnants of the communist army and administration formed rival coalitions. As the interest of the United States in Afghanistan waned, other powers—Pakistan, Iran, Saudi Arabia and a newly independent Uzbekistan—intervened to back their rivals.

In the summer of 1994, moreover, a new aspirant to power, the *taliban* or "religious students" movement, made a bid for power, on a program of strict adherence to Islamic law. Skeptics pointed out that the *taliban* had hundreds of tanks, over two dozen jets and plentiful supplies of arms; and these could have come only from Pakistan, though Pakistan has made its denials. The problem was not only that this appeared to be another attempt by Islamabad to control Afghanistan, which was always an important subtext of the Afghan war. The new Pakistani intervention also relied on the Pushtun ethnic group, estimated at under half of the population of the country, whose advance alarmed the other ethnic groups, notably the Persian-speaking Tajiks and Uzbeks.

But there was another dimension to the *taliban*, one less noticed by the outside world, which highlighted the complexity of modern Afghanistan: for all its ideology of strict religious fundamentalism, the core of its fighting force came not from graduates in Koranic studies, but from former students of Brezhnev and Lenin. They are the reconstituted remnants of the most hard-line faction of the old communist regime, the Khalqi armored and air force units, who, since their failed coup against the Kabul regime in March 1990, had been cooperating with their fellow Ghilzai Pushtuns under the patronage of the Pakistani intelligence services. There have been attempts at mediation under U.N. and Islamic auspices, but another round of violence seems inevitable, as Afghanistan's internal divisions are exacerbated by regional tensions.

The Fragmentation of Afghanistan: State Formation & Collapse in the International System
by Barnett R. Rubin
(Yale University Press, 378 pp., $35)

The Search for Peace in Afghanistan: From Buffer State to Failed State
by Barnett R. Rubin
(Yale University Press, 190 pp., $25)

Afghanistan: The Soviet Invasion and the Afghan Response
by M. Hassan Kakar
(University of California Press, 350 pp., $35)

Out of Afghanistan: The Inside Story of the Soviet Withdrawal
by Diego Cordovez and Selig Harrison
(Oxford University Press, 400 pp., $35)

Afghanistan is often cited facilely as an example of one of the successes of the United Nations in the post-cold war period, along with Namibia, El Salvador, Kuwait and, for a time at least, Cambodia. This is wrong. Afghanistan is, rather, a case of a potentially positive negotiation being sabotaged by factions on both sides, and a subsequent collusion by the U.N. in the violation of an international agreement by the United States and its allies Pakistan and Saudi Arabia. Moreover, while the Western world may have abandoned its interest, others less distant will find it hard to do so: the political and economic stability of the five newly independent states of Central Asia is mortgaged to peace in Afghanistan; the violence that is consuming the cities of Pakistan is in part stoked by influences from across the frontier—guns, drugs, refugees; Iran's growing alliance with Russia, a commitment that makes military and economic sense for both parties, is strengthened by the common interests they have had in Afghanistan since the Soviet forces left in early 1989.

The Afghan story begins in an unlikely way, with a lack of colonial experience. Afghanistan was forged in the middle of the eighteenth century, as an expression of resistance against Iran, the most long-established imperial power in the region. Despite two invasions from British India (1839-1842 and 1878-1880), Russian encroachment across Central Asia and an Iranian aspiration to control it, Afghanistan became one of the few Third World countries not to suffer external domination. The result was that, in the early part of the twentieth century, when most other countries in Asia were developing rudimentary centralizing states, and some sense of common national identity in reaction to foreign rule, Afghanistan remained ruled by indigenous monarchs who balanced tribal and ethnic forces and kept external powers, notably Russia and Britain, at bay.

Those who tried to force modernization too quickly, such as King Amanullah in 1929, were ousted. In an attempt to imitate Ataturk's two-week speech to his followers, Amanullah summoned tribes to a three-day lecture that, along with other reforms, provoked them into revolt. But the long-run results of this autarchy were equally explosive. The lack of a colonial period led to crisis, as the small indigenous educated elite, military and civilian, tried to catch up with the rest of the world by a forced and accelerated modernization. In Afghanistan, as in Yemen and Ethiopia, the cost of avoiding colonial rule was a period of violent top-down modernization, born of the impatience of the modernizing elites, but doomed to failure by the way in which its values and its plans collided with a society that was not ready for them.

The result, as Barnett Rubin lucidly points out in *The Fragmentation of Afghanistan*, was that Afghanistan had acquired, by the 1960s, two rival modernizing elites,

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the one espousing dogmatic Marxism, the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan, the other espousing forms of Islamism, under the influence of Pakistani and Egyptian fundamentalists. If, as Rubin aptly puts it, the Afghan state came increasing to rely on external funds, in this manner becoming a "*rentier* state," its opponents became *rentier* revolutionaries, who sought support, intellectual, financial and military, from outside the country, and used that support to rally support from, and impose their will on, the Afghan population itself.

The history of Afghanistan in the decades since the 1960s is the tale of the contest between these two types of *rentier* revolutionaries, of the factional conflicts within each camp, and of their foreign supporters drawn into the wars, wreaking their own destruction, at low cost to themselves, on a society little able to resist or benefit from such exogenous attention. International condemnation has rightly been aroused by what the Russians did in Afghanistan after 1979; but not enough opprobrium has been provoked by the policies of the military-fundamentalist clique that runs Pakistan and continues to promote the most retrograde and murderous policies in Afghanistan.

The bare dates of the story are pretty familiar. In 1965 a communist party, the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan (PDPA), was formed in Kabul. It started with a few dozen members, drawn from people with secondary education, and with links to both the educational apparatus and the armed forces. It was perhaps the last communist party formed anywhere in the world. In 1973 a coup by the king's cousin, carried out with the support of one faction of the PDPA, established a republic that came under increasing pressure from Iran and Pakistan to lessen its links with its northern neighbor, Russia. In the same period, an Islamist tendency, drawn equally from those with education and based in the capital, began to get backing from abroad, and most particularly military backing from Premier Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto of Pakistan, to form an opposition to the Kabul regime. (I once tried to press Benazir Bhutto, the present prime minister of Pakistan, and a secular Western-educated woman, for her reason for backing Islamist fanatics in Afghanistan, and she had a brisk reply: "It was daddy's policy.")

The strategy of drawing Daud, Afghanistan's president from 1973 to 1978, away from the Soviet Union seemed to be working; but in April 1978, following the assassination of one communist leader and the arrest of several others, the PDPA itself took power in a second coup. Within months of its coming to power, however, the PDPA leadership split into two factions, and the victorious Khalqi faction proceeded to impose its dogmatically conceived reforms on its society with modernist brutality. Hafizullah Amin, the leader of the Khalqis, once boasted to his party audience: "We Afghan communists do not shoot our opponents. We blow their heads off with a cannon." By mid-1979 the Kabul regime was in increasing difficulties, but this did little to abate the internecine feuding. Wishing to bolster the regime, and to put an end to the squabbling among the Afghan communists, the Soviet Union intervened in December 1979, invading the country and installing a new, more pliant, faction of the PDPA under Babrak Karmal.

The Soviets appeared to have hoped that within a few months they could withdraw, but they found themselves embroiled in a protracted war. They held the major cities and the major supply routes but were unable to crush the Mujahedin opposition, which was by now armed by the United States and financed by Saudi Arabia, and also assisted by Pakistan. The Soviet leadership fell victim to the most foolish of colonialist illusions: it believed it could solve its problem with a military victory. Yet the recently published memoirs of N.S. Leonov, the head of KGB analysis who accompanied foreign intelligence chief Vladimir Krychkov on a visit to Kabul in 1983, show that they soon realized that they could not win a military victory themselves, and tried to get the Afghan regime itself to assume more of the burden: "Afghanistanization" was never a term in public use, but the policy itself had some success, as Kabul offensives in 1985 and 1986 demonstrated.

When Gorbachev came to power in 1985, only the veteran foreign minister Anatoli Gromyko among Politburo members still favored a military campaign to crush the resistance. Gorbachev gave the Soviet military one year to consolidate the situation, but this coincided with a significant rise in American assistance to the guerrillas, and by late 1986 the Soviet Union had decided to withdraw whatever the consequences. A U.N. agreement on withdrawal was signed in April 1988, and by February 1989 all Soviet forces were out. The Kabul regime, which continued to receive Soviet financial and military help, held on and fought off guerrilla attacks. But the ending of Soviet aid after the August 1991 coup in Moscow, and escalating interethnic and interfactional disputes within the regime, led to a final collapse in April 1992. Najibullah, the last of the four leaders of the PDPA regime, abandoned power in mistaken trust of the incompetent U.N. mediator, Benan Sivan, who thought he could broker a compromise solution. Sivan gave commitments in return for which Najibullah agreed to leave office. The result was the disintegration of the regime and, simultaneously, the bursting apart of the guerrilla coalition. The Afghan leader sought refuge in the U.N. compound in Kabul, where he reportedly remains confined, as the city which he once defended from direct assault lies devastated around him.

At the time, the Afghan war was presented as a set piece in the cold war—Soviet "puppets" being aligned against American and Pakistani "mercenaries." But the war emerges from the new scholarly literature as a tragic, in some respects unavoidable culmination of a longer history. The PDPA communists expressed, in the most extreme form, the impatient modernism of their predecessors and of other "revolutionaries from above" in Third World states: their country was "backward," and "feudalism" (by which they meant any inequality in land ownership or social status) had to be abolished, and women had to be "emancipated," even if this meant pulling them from their homes and forcing them to attend literacy classes in the main square. No one is more intolerant of peasant life than the ex-villager with a secondary education ruling in his suit and tie from an office in the capital.

The brutality of these modernizers, as has been graphically recounted by Hassan Kakar, an Afghan historian who spent six years in Kabul's Pul-i Sharqi prison, was supposedly legitimated not only by the fact that history was on their side, but also by the fact that, weak as "revolutionary" forces in Afghanistan might be, the Afghan detachment of such forces was backed by the much larger, stronger forces next door. These were not Soviet puppets or agents in any simple sense: the Soviets, before and after 1979, had great difficulty in controlling them, in reining them in from their most reckless policies. Thus, despite considerable Soviet pressure to make the obvious concession to Pakistan of recognizing the "Durand Line," the frontier between the two states, the PDPA leaders refused to do so (as I learned in October 1980, in an argument with Salih Muhammad Zeiri and Ahmad Nur, two members of the Afghan communist leadership whom I met in Kabul). The PDPA leaders, indeed, manipulated the Soviets, played on Moscow's fears of an American victory in Afghanistan and used the power of the Soviet Union as a disguise for their own lack of cohesion and realism.

Different as they were in ideology and in patrons, Rubin's analogy between the PDPA and the Islamists is a strong one.

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Both borrowed dogma from abroad, ideologies that claimed to represent the needs of Afghanistan but accorded little with it. Both also played their own strategies, and factional disputes, off against external backers. Thus, not only were Pakistan and Iran increasingly opposed to each other, the former backing the Pushtuns, the latter the Tajiks and the Shi'ites, but differences within the Pakistani state (between the Foreign Ministry and the intelligence agency, the ISI), and within different sections of the Washington system, enabled one or other Afghan group to push its interests at the expense of others. The detailed account by Diego Cordovez and Selig Harrison, both veteran participants in behind the scenes discussions of the war, in *Out of Afghanistan: The Inside Story of the Soviet Withdrawal,* details the factionalism in Moscow—and in Washington, between the "bleeders" and the "dealers" in the Reagan administration.

The overall result of the PDPA attempt to impose its version of modernity on Afghanistan in 1978 has been to achieve the opposite, in two vital respects. First, if centralized state power will be acquired in Afghanistan, it will be acquired not by secular communism but by fundamentalist Islam, based on ideas imported from Egypt and Pakistan, and backed by the military support of the ISI. And, as Rubin rightly stresses, this is no more "authentic" or indigenous to Afghanistan than was the "scientific socialism" of the PDPA. The ideas, the very language and, not least, the finances of these groups came from Pakistan and the Arab world. The second contrary outcome is that Afghanistan, which prior to 1978 was a country of many ethnic, linguistic, religious and tribal groups slowly growing in cohesion, has now been fragmented. War and the infusion of large quantities of weapons, of financial support, of drug money and of external political influence have created new power centers that will be even harder for any new regime, the *taliban* or anyone else, to control.

From his position of moderate Pushtun nationalism, Kakar may overstate the degree to which it was the PDPA which occasioned conflict between ethnic groups: but one major effect of the war, one concealed for years by the appearance of a common cause against the Soviet forces, has been the emergence of an ethnic and regional awareness in Afghanistan far greater than that which existed before. The coup of 1978 unleashed at least three different kinds of Afghan "nationalism": a widespread feeling of hostility to the Soviet invasion, one almost always phrased as a defense of "Islam"; a sense of particular ethnic nationalism (Pushtun, Tajik, Uzbek, Haraza, and so on), anti-Russian but also in competition with other groups in Afghanistan; and the authoritarian modernizing nationalism of the communist elite, who saw their revolution as a means of overcoming their country's "backwardness." Even the latter could have an anti-Soviet dimension: for years the Khalqis, angered by the 1979 invasion, argued that they could finish off the "counterrevolutionaries," if only the Russians would stop holding them back.

The roles of the external actors in all of this appear to merit less and less sympathy, as the historical narrative is established. The Soviet Union had contact with the PDPA prior to 1978, and military intelligence in particular (the GRU, not the KGB) was active. But the evidence indicates that the Soviet Union was taken by surprise by the PDPA coup and urged caution on its newfound Afghan allies. The decision to invade in late 1979 was taken by an informal group within the Politburo, against the advice of some political and military leaders, and rested on the illusion that the "limited contingent" would be able to consolidate the new regime in short order, on the Czechoslovakian model.

Once established in Afghanistan, however, the Soviet occupation regime became itself the subject of factionalism, with different advisers and ministries competing for influence, and finding allies amongst the respective Afghan factions. When Babrak Karmal proved uncooperative, the Soviets found a replacement in Najibullah, but he, too, dragged his feet in making the changes the Russians wanted to see. It was perhaps almost as much a surprise to the Russians as to the Americans that, when the Soviet forces pulled out in 1989, the PDPA regime did not fall. (Harrison recounts a two-hour lunch at a restaurant in Washington in March 1988 with four CIA officials responsible for Afghanistan, in which they indulged in fantasies about the imminent collapse of the Kabul regime and the rise of the guerrillas to power.) It turned out that the regime, while never commanding the support of a majority, had built up a substantial clientilistic following in the military and civilian sectors of the state, and had been able in some areas to neutralize guerrilla activity by means of local truces and accommodations. The Soviet withdrawal, on the other hand, precipitated a round of fighting and murders within the guerrilla ranks, abetted by sections of the Pakistani state, which greatly weakened their ability to challenge the areas controlled by the government.

The United States and Pakistan saw in Afghanistan an opportunity to pursue their own strategic interests by finding clients and arming Afghan factions. The Pakistanis were given the main voice about who got weapons and aid, and they must bear a major responsibility for the building up of the fundamentalist currents in Afghanistan. As was confirmed to me in a recent interview with Robert Gates, the former CIA director, Washington's general attitude was that it did not matter who was getting the aid, provided

The Poles

Present and past: opposing entities
alike in sharing evanescences.
Neither can we grasp and hold with ease.
Despite occasional blips of clarity,
both continually slip away.

I want my mother. Where is she?
She is the garden, I could grandly say.
Underfoot. Or growing in that tree.
Ubiquitous, and nowhere to be found.
You might as well try to lasso the wind.

You might as well attempt to catch the air
and bottle, label, lock it up somewhere.
What's gone refuses to recur.
Carpe diem therefore (pluck the day
as if it were a flower; pay

attention only to what's palpable)?
No sooner do we try to drink our fill
at this minute's fountain than we reel
and drift away from here to there, the vast,
vague, forgiving vista of the past.

Back and forth we teeter in between
two poles, two worlds, the seen and the unseen,
antagonists, what is vs. what has been,
bracketers of the place
that we inhabit, if time equals space.

RACHEL HADAS

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the main goal of "killing Russians" was being attained. It is ironic, or worse, that at a time when the United States was doing all it could to oppose a fundamentalist regime in neighboring Iran, it was aiding forces of a similar or even more vicious kind in Afghanistan. So, too, in bizarre contrast to their domestic priorities, were Egypt and Israel.

When the time came for a Soviet withdrawal, neither the Pakistanis nor the Americans sought to find an accommodation with the Kabul regime. They saw the agreement signed with Kabul, Pakistan and the Soviet Union in Geneva in April 1988 as merely a means to get the Russians out, and neither Washington nor Islamabad was prepared to honor the commitments in those agreements that called for an end to military supplies to the guerrillas. Instead, amid a flurry of conflicts and internecine quarrels amongst the Mujahedin, they pressed on, to ensure that what was now a coalition dominated by the most regressive and brutal fundamentalists, and amply funded by the trade in opium, came to power.

The American defense is straightforward: Washington never intended to honor the Geneva accords as far as suspending arms supplies were concerned; and as "guarantors" rather than "signatories" they were not bound to do so, and in an exchange of letters with Moscow prior to the signing in Geneva (as yet unpublished) they made clear their commitment to "positive symmetry," that is, continued arms supplies by both sides.

But this is all apologetic nonsense. In a time when much was made of upholding international law and the authority of the United Nations, the violation of the Geneva accords by Washington and Islamabad was systemic and deliberate. And it is significant that this evoked little criticism. The Soviets were too distracted to do anything, and the U.N. itself preferred to turn a blind eye, as its defenders went on claiming Afghanistan as a "success." It is also worth noting the contrast between the silence on this criminal policy in Afghanistan, about which there can be no doubt at all, and the mass of criticism, much of it fatuous, which the military operation to defend the sovereignty of Kuwait in 1990-1991 excited in left and liberal circles in the West. *Bien pensants* of the Chomsky variety who were so worried by the American commitment to defend the sovereignty of Kuwait seem to find it impossible to extend their scruples to the hideous goings on in the Hindu Kush. On this issue at least, cold war conformism appears to have held.

In retrospect, there are at least three broader questions which can be asked. The first concerns the role of the American arms supplies, and in particular of the Stinger missiles, in forcing a Soviet withdrawal. Reaganite rhetoric, which commanded universal support on Capitol Hill, would suggest that it was the provision of Stingers, which came into operation in October 1986, that pushed the Russians out. Certainly, the costs were high: according to Leonov, the Russians lost 112 planes and 333 helicopters in Afghanistan (Western figures are higher), and one can assume that Stingers accounted for many of these losses. But as Rubin, Cordovez and Harrison show, the Russians had begun to work on withdrawal in October 1985 and the key Politburo decision was taken on November 12, 1986, before the impact of the Stingers could have been fully felt. Indeed, according to Cordovez and Harrison, Soviet experts have argued that the Stinger decision delayed the withdrawal of their troops by appearing to confirm the arguments of military hardliners. It was the shift of leadership in Moscow, the abandonment of the old certainties about the inevitable triumph of socialism, and the new disinclination to believe in an all-encompassing American threat, that was the major factor leading to a Soviet change.

A second question is whether the grisly post-1992 outcome was inevitable. The answer has to be no. What emerges from Rubin, and from the detailed diplomatic accounts of Harrison and Cordovez, is that the prospect of a compromise, a negotiated settlement, in Afghanistan was eminently plausible, but powerful elements, above all in the CIA and the ISI, in Washington and Pakistan, sought to prevent it from happening. The U.N. became involved soon after the Soviet intervention, and put forward a series of proposals on the timing of a Soviet departure. One set of proposals involved the return of the Afghan king, living in exile in Rome since 1973: informal soundings of the Afghan population indicated that he remained more popular than the guerrilla groups, but these were overridden by American and Pakistani supporters of the Islamist fanatics. The most prominent supporter of a compromise involving the king, the exiled academic Bahauddin Majrooh, was murdered in Peshawar in February 1988, by assassins who are generally believed to have been agents of one of the guerrilla leaders, Gulbuddin Hikmatyar, the recipient of the largest amount of American military aid, who first made his name throwing acid in the faces of unveiled female students in Kabul.

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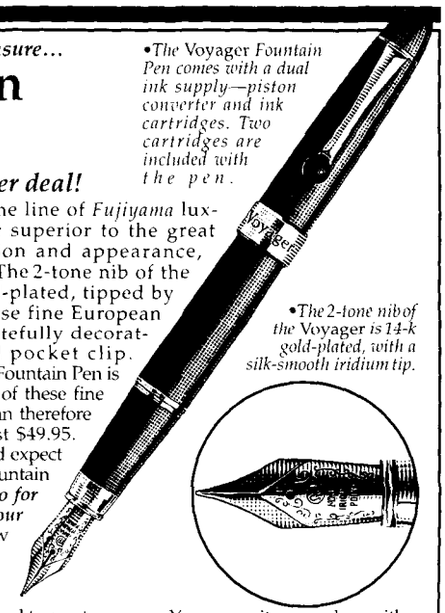

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The third question is what the role of Afghanistan was in bringing down the Soviet system. The human cost (15,000 killed) and the financial cost (estimated at $5 billion per year) of the war was large, but certainly not the main cause of the Soviet collapse. Its less tangible effects, political and moral, may have been more significant: the Afghan war certainly eroded the ideological self-confidence of the regime, and in stimulating popular opposition, which was able, for the first time since 1917, to express itself freely. The comparison made by some Russians with the 1905 defeat by Japan may be the most apposite. Afghanistan certainly exposed the corruption of the Soviet system, since the sons of party bosses were not sent to fight there. One thing Afghanistan did not do, however, was weaken the Soviet position in Central Asia, which was for many, in the CIA and elsewhere, a primary goal of the American policy. The collapse of the communist system in Moscow was the consequence of events in a very different area, namely eastern Europe. In fact, the communist elites of Central Asia reacted to the dangerous spread of democratization in Moscow by declaring independence, in the last days of 1991, the better to stay in power.

Here, of course, lies the ultimate irony of Western policy in Afghanistan. Today the Western world is happy to do business with, and indulge politically, the governments of the newly independent republics of Central Asia, which are really continuations of the old Brezhnevite nomenklaturas, replete with grand palaces, presidential votes of 99 percent, refurbished and "nationalized" KGBs and dutifully pliant mass media. This is precisely the kind of regime which the war in Afghanistan was fought to remove. And yet, for all its repressive and wasteful characteristics, it is in many ways preferable to the reign of Islamist terror envisaged by the Mujahedin, and all too familiar from Iran. It would have been eminently preferable if Kabul could have stayed in the hands of a reformed PDPA, in alliance with secular and moderate Islamists—in short, if it had become like the other Central Asian countries are now.

Meanwhile militants in the Islamic world, gloating over the collapse of communism, argue that they are now prepared to face a new confrontation with the ever inimical West. I always tell my Islamist friends, when they complain about Western hostility, that the largest covert operation in the history of the CIA was mounted in support of an Islamist fundamentalist coalition in Afghanistan. For that, they at least should be grateful. •

The White Album

BY EDWARD L. AYERS

The Politics of Rage: George Wallace, the Origins of the New Conservatism, and the Transformation of American Politics by Dan T. Carter

(Simon and Schuster, 572 pp., $30)

George Wallace appeared before America in dramatic attitudes: standing in the schoolhouse door, shaking fists, squeezing hands, sparring with reporters, slumping in his wheelchair. What went on behind these scenes? Who whispered advice and who egged him on? Dan T. Carter's stirring book tells us, taking us into the backrooms and the governor's offices where George Wallace invented and reinvented himself between the 1950s and 1980s. Carter makes sure that we see the sordidness and calculation, the bitterness, violence and hatred, that lay behind the public Wallace. And, as its elongated subtitle tells us, Carter's book is intended as more than a study of a bygone era. It is also a genealogy of current politics, an exploration of the forces that make a man such as Patrick Buchanan a contender for the presidency of the United States. Carter wants to show how George Wallace designed a language of rage and resentment that reverberates into our own day.

Carter reconstructs the Alabama of the early twentieth century with the assurance that we would expect from the author of the widely admired *Scottsboro*, the story of the notorious rape case tried in that Alabama town in the 1930s. Like Carter's Scottsboro, the Alabama town of Clio appears before us in all its dusty detail as the historian reconstructs the years of George Wallace's youth. Wallace's grandfather, a physician and local politico, struts across the stage, followed by Wallace's father, a failed and bitter farmer. Wallace himself, born in 1919, appears as a not-unappealing young man, a bantamweight fighter, a 16-year-old page in the Alabama legislature, a youngster completely fixated on politics.

Like so many other Southerners who came of age in the Depression, George Wallace came to see the benefits of an activist government and counted himself a supporter of Franklin Roosevelt. He married Lurleen Burns, a 16-year-old dime-store clerk, in 1942, shortly after he graduated from the University of Alabama Law School and shortly before he was inducted into the Army as a private. Wallace had decided against officer training school: he planned to plunge into Alabama politics after the war and knew that far more voters would be former GIs than former officers. Assigned to the flight crew of a B29, Wallace served in harrowing bombing missions over the Japanese mainland in 1945. Although Wallace performed his duties as a flight engineer well, the flights left him deeply shaken—so much so that he had a breakdown. He refused to undergo dangerous training for additional missions and was hospitalized a month for "psychoneurosis."

In the meantime, the war came to an end, and Wallace, his wife and their young daughter headed back home to Alabama. The postwar South to which the Wallaces returned was not the place they had left only a few years before. While poor in comparison with the rest of the country, the South felt flush from government dollars. New jobs, new highways and new schools held out the promise of better lives in places that had seen little hope for generations. Former soldiers such as Wallace, their ambitions postponed by military service and their horizons broadened by their experiences, were eager to make their mark. Black Southerners, encouraged by the nation's wartime celebration of democracy, by black accomplishments in military life, and by higher incomes, saw hopeful signs, too.

Alabama in particular seemed ready to move forward. "Big Jim" Folsom, 6'8" and 275 pounds, made a great show of bypassing the traditional powers of Alabama politics and working directly for the people, black and white. He drank a bit, it was true, but for many voters that only increased his appeal. Meanwhile, young George Wallace, back in Barbour County in the state's Black Belt, relentlessly hustled every vote he could get and was elected to the state legislature in 1946 as a

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Democrat. There Wallace shoved his way to the front of public attention, introducing bill after bill, combining every kind of governmental activism, whether funding education or attracting business with sweet tax breaks, with little regard for ideological consistency. Over the next seven years, Wallace never let up. Getting votes and influencing people so consumed him that he neglected everything else in his life, from his appearance to his business to his family. He campaigned hard for Folsom, learning the secrets of success every step of the way.

Wallace did not begin his career as a race-baiter. As a judge he was known for treating black lawyers with respect and for handing out justice with more than usual fairness. But the white reaction to *Brown* v. *Board of Education* that overwhelmed the South in the mid-1950s changed everything. Racial moderation no longer seemed expedient for an ambitious politician—and Wallace was nothing if not expedient. Folsom resisted the racial demagoguery emanating from other states and lost votes as a result; Wallace began to distance himself from his former mentor. Wallace veered further to the right when it became clear that defiance of the federal government and attacks on the character of black Southerners played well for whites. When he lost the governorship in 1958 to a candidate even more adept at wooing the Ku Klux Klan and the most extreme racists, Wallace did not resist demagoguery. "I started off talking about schools and highways and prisons and taxes—and I couldn't make them listen," he told an Alabama newspaper editor. "Then I began talking about niggers—and they stomped the floor."

Whether or not Wallace uttered that infamous line about never again being "outniggered," he clearly acted on such a determination. After 1958, certainly, his name became synonymous with defending segregation and the prerogatives of white supremacy, mouthing words provided by a speechwriter who had polished his craft writing for the Klan. Wallace could be smooth, conciliatory and reasonable-sounding on a talk show while, off-camera, screaming to white audiences exactly what they wanted to hear: "the Negro has not received any ill-treatment in the South," he blasted, but the Kennedy administration would "take our property away in order to appease Negroes who would still be in Africa in the brush if the white people of this country had not raised their standards and helped them progress in an atmosphere of peace and harmony." As governor of Alabama for term after term after 1962 (including the years in which his

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The Legacy of Yitzhak Rabin

Which direction for Israel in the wake of his assassination?

Yitzhak Rabin was an Israeli patriot and military hero. His assassination was an almost intolerable blow to his country, to Jews in Israel and in the United States, and to people all over the world. Now that the first shock has passed, it may be time to assess his legacy.

What are the facts?

Background of the "peace process": Rabin's party was elected on the strength of its leader's promise to end the intifada. He did also promise that he would never negotiate with the PLO; that he would not yield sovereignty over the Israeli heartland of Judea/Samaria (the"West Bank"); that he would not allow a Palestinian state to be created; that he would never yield the Golan Heights; and that Jerusalem would forever remain Israel's undivided capital. But, his foreign minister, Shimon Peres,was in secret negotiations with the PLO culminating in that historical handshake in Washington, D.C. Prime Minister Rabin proceeded with the implementation of this "peace process". He was well aware of the strategic importance of the "West Bank". Whatever the pressures, he would never have given up military control over that area nor of the Golan Heights.

> " One can only hope that Israelis, in homage to the slain premier, will take a very hard look at the flawed policies of Shimon Peres and at the "peace process" and its almost inevitable consequences, before it's too late. "

Shimon Peres is now prime minister. Unfortunately, he is pursuing a much more heedless approach to the "peace process". There is now little question that full control over the "West Bank" will be transferred to the PLO, to Arafat and to his 30,000 soldiers (disguised as policemen), and that a Palestinian state will come into existence in the "West Bank" and in Gaza; that the Golan will be handed over to Syria, and that Jerusalem, will be divided. There now seems to be a headlong rush into "peace at any price", without proper consideration for Israel's security interests and ultimately for its survival.

Life-and-death decisions without a mandate: The Knesset "parliamentary" majority of the Labor Party is paper-thin: 61/59. It is on the basis of this minimal majority that Mr. Peres now arrogates to himself the power of decision to change the borders of and to truncate his country. A clear mandate, a super-majority in parliament or in a plebiscite should be required to make such life-and-death decisions. Of the 61 votes in favor of the government, five belong to Arab parties. Especially since the Labor party elevated the PLO terror organization to respectability, Israeli Arabs, mostly disaffected in any case—do not identify with and do not promote the interests of Israel, the Jewish state. They identify with and promote the interests of the PLO and of the hoped-for Palestinian state. It is clear that, before too long, the Israeli Arabs, who are concentrated in Galilee, will demand severance from Israel and "Anschluss" to the new state of Palestine, thus further carving up Israel and contributing to its strategic disadvantage. If, as seems now to be foreordained, Mr. Peres will yield the Golan to Syria, and with the "West Bank" in hostile Arab hands, Israel will be mortally weakened and virtually indefensible. The declared aim of the PLO, clearly stated in its covenant and never rescinded, is the destruction of Israel. The Arabs have recognized that, at least at present, that cannot be done by military means. The strategy, therefore, is the destruction of Israel in stages—first, by creating a Palestinian state in any territory that can be taken over through Israeli acquiescence, and then to foment an all-out assault against the critically vulnerable Jewish state. The policies of the current Israeli government seem to have made that goal more attainable.

The deluded fool who assassinated Yitzhak Rabin has accomplished the exact opposite of what he had intended. After having suffered more Arab terror casualties since the handshake than in any comparable period, the Israeli public had become disenchanted with the "peace process". It was expected that the Labor government would be defeated in the coming elections. Because of Rabin's martyrdom, it is now quite possible that another Labor government will be elected and that the "peace process" will be continued, with the fateful results it may entail for Israel. One can only hope that Israelis, in homage to the slain premier, will take a very hard look at the flawed policies of Shimon Peres and at the "peace process" and its almost inevitable consequences, before it's too late.

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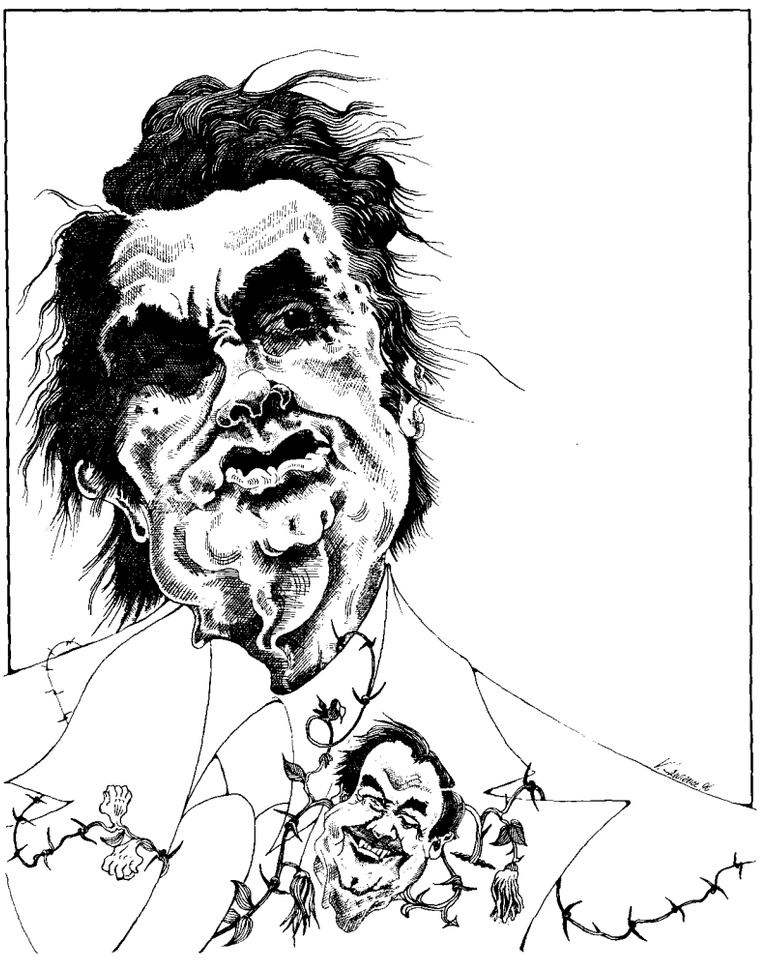
wife, Lurleen, held the post), Wallace assumed a central role not only in the state but also in the nation, becoming the most visible symbol of white intransigence.

Carter's chapters on the early 1960s are the most powerful in the book, revealing the stories behind the public stories. When Robert Kennedy flew down to Alabama in an attempt to avoid a public showdown at the University of Alabama, for example, the sight of the beefy, surly patrolmen and the lunatic signs outside his limousine ("Kosher Team—Kennedy/Kastro/Kruschev [sic]") reduced him to the observation that "It's like a foreign country." At their meeting, Wallace kept Kennedy off balance by ostentatiously spitting into his handkerchief. In Carter's vivid account, we see Wallace's managers carefully orchestrating the stance for segregation then and forever, jockeying for camera angles. We see Wallace feeding the violence in Birmingham with his cynical offhand comments ("What this country needs is a few first-class funerals") and then, when the bomb in Birmingham kills four young black girls, express surprise that his hate-filled followers take him up on his words. We see Wallace's managers shaking their head during the struggle over the bridge in Selma, lamenting that there was "too much film.... Just too much film."

Even though we know how the stories turn out, Carter's narrative skills make these chapters suspenseful reading, filled with behind-the-scenes dialogue and detail, with last-minute decisions and ominous foreboding. It is Wallace, of course, who commands center stage, but Carter manages to introduce a large cast of characters acting on stages far removed from the governor's mansion. The story of Wallace's emergence on the national scene in 1964 is riveting. We watch with the amazement felt by people at the time—including Wallace and his handlers—as the voters of Wisconsin and Michigan cheer on this provincial politician. The scenes at the nation's elite universities, where Wallace loved performing, heckling his hecklers more effectively than they heckled him, were great, if ugly, theater. When, at Harvard, the grandson of W.E.B. DuBois charged Wallace with encouraging racism to support his presidential ambitions, Wallace smiled and replied that "Between you and me both, we might kick out that crowd down in Washington." Pause. "Maybe we should run on the same ticket." The crowd that had come to jeer ended up impressed with Wallace's playful repartee and quickness.

Carter's account of Wallace's would-be assassin, based on the disturbed young man's diaries, could come from a crime thriller. Arthur Bremer, the son of abusive parents, lived in a pathetic imaginary world throughout his youth, feeding himself on television sitcoms. By 1972, after miserable years in high school, ostracized by the crowds of laughing students, Bremer lived a life of loose ends, failed romances, botched jobs, shaved heads and dreams of violence. At first thinking of suicide, he decided that instead he would enact something "BOLD AND DRAMATIC, FORCEFUL AND DYNAMIC. A STATEMENT OF MY MANHOOD FOR THE WORLD TO SEE." He hung around the Wallace camp, reading the Warren Commission Report.

His preferred target was Richard Nixon, but Bremer couldn't break the president's security, not least because he had no credit card and could not rent a car. Bremer turned to Wallace even though, as he put it in his mangled spelling, "I don't expect anybody to get big thobbing erection from the news.... I won't even rate a T.V. enteroption in Russia or Europe when the news breaks—they never heard of Wallace." But Wallace would have to do. Bremer trailed the candidate from one rally to another, finally catching just the right chance in Maryland. "Hey, George, let me shake hands with you," he yelled. Wallace turned to oblige and Bremer shot Wallace three times. One bullet drove itself into Wallace's spine, paralyzing him from the waist down for the rest of his life. But the campaigning only paused. Wallace would be as visible from his wheelchair as he had been on his feet.



GEORGE WALLACE BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Carter's portrayals of Wallace's marriages are sensitive and often touching. As the story moves into the late '60s and early '70s, the focus becomes neither George Wallace himself—who, as a character, shows virtually no development after the time he first wins office—nor the electorate. Rather, the book dwells on the men behind the scenes in Wallace's relentless campaigning: the Ku Klux Klan men writing the speeches, the John Birchers supplying funds, the opportunists milking the state of Alabama with bogus asphalt contracts, vanity books and kickbacks. Carter tells us about the state employees and contractors who received convenient numbered cards so that their "donations" to the Wallace campaigns would be duly recorded so they could keep their jobs.

But the complicated scenes of the presidential campaigns of 1968 and 1972 challenge even Carter's skills. He portrays Wallace's appeal in the North in straightforward terms. He echoes journalists who viewed Wallace's appeal as "transparently simple," the result of the "Southernization of American politics." Wallace, one NBC correspondent

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argued, had realized that white Americans above the Mason-Dixon line "hate black people, all of them. They're all afraid, all of them. Great God! That's it! They're all Southern! The whole United States is Southern!"

Yet as Carter's book—indeed, Carter's career—shows, even the white South was not this simple. Many white Southerners did their part in the effort to gain black rights. Moreover, this argument about the Southernization of America picks up the story far too late. The Northern white backlash did not begin in the 1960s as a result of infection from the South. It began in the 1940s, at the same time and for the same reasons as in the South. It began because black Americans began to make economic progress and to insist on their rights as American citizens. Northern whites needed no instructions from Southern whites on how to keep black home-buyers out of their neighborhoods. They needed no encouragement to view black competition for jobs as an infringement upon white entitlements. They knew how to resent a federal government that tried to enforce equality at their expense. Wallace did not have to build his appeal in the North: he found it already there, awaiting its spokesman.

Martin Luther King pointed out in 1963 that "Wallaceism is bigger than Wallace." That statement became truer with every passing year, as the Wallace phenomenon stretched into every corner of the country and affected the strategies of the leading presidential candidates. But Carter refuses to grant too many meanings to Wallaceism. In his eyes, apologists have too often tried to explain away Wallace's racist appeal with evasive arguments about small government, law and order, and morality. For Carter, such concerns are so much rhetoric designed to disguise the racial agenda. He does not explore in any depth other reasons why so many voters from the Midwest, West and Northeast, of so many different backgrounds, became enchanted with this diminutive Southerner with his greasy hair, his Presley sneer and his cheap suits.

Carter shows a grudging respect for Wallace as a person but no understanding at all for what he championed. Wallace, Carter argues, was "the alchemist of the new social conservatism as he compounded racial fear, anticommunism, cultural nostalgia, and traditional right-wing economics." Carter's Wallace has no real ideology, no coherent view of the world other than rage and fear. And neither do Wallace's supporters. "The governor from Alabama," Carter tells us, "understood and voiced the longing of millions of white middle-class and working-class voters for a stable world in which work was rewarded, laziness punished, blacks knew their place, men headed the household, women were men's loyal helpmates, and children were safe from vulgar language."

Carter assumes that Wallaceism was only frustration and inarticulate anger: the "politics of rage." But were these prejudices really all that these millions of people had on their minds? How do we explain the many thousands of black people—eventually a large majority—who voted for Wallace in Alabama? Was there nothing reasoned or valid in the criticisms of so many people about the government, the media and the universities? Were they all fooled by Wallace's clever speeches or lulled by his cheap demagoguery?

Wallace and his followers repeatedly argued that governmental and intellectual elites used black people to relieve their own consciences at the expense of whites who could not buy their way out of contact with poor blacks in communities, schools and jobs. This is racism, of course, and of a particularly patronizing, contemptuous sort—but it is not the unreasoning hatred of people with black skin that people of liberal sympathies have assumed these Wallace supporters felt. Black people were often symbols for ideological and class resentments, feelings that were based in real inequalities, that were not necessarily fixed in race. Professional bicycles and bureaucratic briefcases symbolized different elements of that same resentment and were evoked as frequently and as fervently as dark skin.

Wallace made a career in national politics by attacking people of the sort who read THE NEW REPUBLIC: intellectuals, policy makers, people who talk about complex issues of foreign and domestic policy and yet, as he gleefully put it, could not park their bicycles straight. In his speech announcing he would not run for office again, Wallace emphasized the common denominator of every speech he had given over the preceding quarter of a century: "I hope the rich and powerful don't take over now."

Today a new version of Wallaceism claims much of our attention, and Dan Carter's book can help us gain our bearings. The similarities between George Wallace and Pat Buchanan are plain. Both men claim to speak for those white Americans who consider themselves abused and neglected. Both men distort the legitimate economic and political grievances of those white working-class people into attacks on other Americans even more marginalized than they are. Both men have weakened their own parties by pursuing a politics of division and resentment.

Yet the differences between Wallace and Buchanan matter, too. From the perspective of the 1990s, Wallaceism appears rather simple in its resentments. Wallace, unlike Buchanan, had little to say about religion, about abortion, about trade policy, about immigration. And Buchanan, in turn, has little to say about black Americans. The resentments of 1996 seem to flow into more channels than the resentments of 1968. The currents of cynicism and despair, driven underground by two decades of mainstream politics that have neglected the problems caused by rising inequality in America, now flow with stubborn and troubling force.

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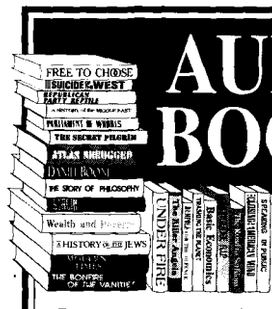

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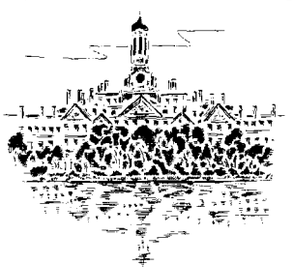
CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

Vex populi

WE CONFUSE VOTING WITH DEmocracy. Of course, we learned not to do that with communist countries. We did come to understand—some of us more slowly than others—the terror behind those 98 percent majorities. But we are still pushovers for the pretentions of Third World societies: a dictator holds an election, he gets Jimmy Carter to watch and, *mirabile dictu*, the next thing, the nice people of America call that society democratic. This is especially the case if many people wait long hours on very long lines in order to vote. By this standard, the world will soon be flooded with democracies, Latin American democracies, African democracies, Islamic democracies, maybe even straight-out dictatorial democracies. The health of our own democracy, it turns out, has nothing to do with long lines. It is measured by the percentages of citizens who vote, and these percentages, being in decline, are, of course, found wanting. There is, however, a snappy corrective to this deficiency. Make it easier to register, and make it much easier to vote. There is now the motor voter who signs onto the voting rolls when he registers his car. In some states, it takes just one transaction to apply for your welfare check and get certified as a voter. In other places, students register to vote when they register for classes. It's a cinch. And in Oregon, in January, there was another advance. Voters elected Ron Wyden to the U.S. Senate through voting by mail. This was, some think, a big victory for democracy for two reasons: (a) Wyden is a Democrat; (b) more Oregonians voted than they did in any previous special election. Neither is particularly persuasive.

AM I MISTAKEN BUT AREN'T THE enthusiasts for having the postman carry our ballots to the place where they are tallied precisely those who most derided Ross Perot's proposal for cyberdemocracy? Each of us voting at our own modem, Perot explained, we will be able to record the *vox populi* on anything in a matter of minutes. This could turn into a perpetual plebiscite, the concretization of the doctrine of consent. We wouldn't even need legislators. We'd then have perfect democracy, technology making hash of every concern of *The Federalist Papers* (and of the Anti-Federalist papers, as well).

WHAT IS IN DESPERATE DECLINE IN our country is what, in a pregnant phrase in his book *To Make A Nation*, my old teacher Samuel Beer called "government by discussion." And, of course, the decline long predates Ross Perot or the Oregon innovation. There are many reasons for this, some of them, to be sure, technological or procedural. But the most salient reason is, in my view, the distrust of honest argument, and it is politicians who distrust it the most. That's why most candidates—not all, and not just Republicans—lie about their opponents and lie about themselves; why they lie about the issues; and even more about how easily what ails us can be cured. The Republican campaign is only the latest—and maybe not even the most egregious—instance of this degradation. In any case, each of the parties is always looking for voters they can gull. That's what the big pre-election registration drives and get-out-the-vote campaigns are all about. It's only in that sense that the Oregon law that makes everyone vote as if he were an absentee is, like Perot's scheme, paradigmatic. Citizenship is no longer participation. It is merely going to the polls, and if you go to the polls "virtually" that's okay, too.



SOON CITIZENSHIP MAY NO LONGer even connote membership. If some reformers have their way, you won't have to be a citizen to qualify to vote. By now, in fact, any other qualification for voting is already altogether taboo. Please believe me, I don't hanker for forty acres and a mule. But you don't even have to know English or, for that matter, be literate in any language to exercise the suffrage. When you think about it, though, the requirement that a voter be at least minimally literate in English so that he can at least grasp the core of political debate is quite sensible. Like many other decent ideas, however, the literacy test was ruined forever by how unjustly Jim Crow administered it in the South.

THE UGLINESS OF THE PRESENT Republican combat makes one think that any way of choosing presidential candidates would be preferable to the primary system. Maybe the caucus. But certainly not as it is configured in Iowa. What I mean by caucus is a forum where citizens come and discuss with one another, argue, argue passionately about issues that divide them and about the men and women whom they hope would represent them. Most of the people who attend would not have yet made up their minds. They would come to listen, to talk, to be persuaded and then to vote. Truth is we don't have such public space anymore. Television spots and bumper strips are antagonists of reasoned discourse. Still, sensing the need for voters to meet each other, the managers mobilize their troops through rallies rather than debates. At rallies, distortions and falsehoods are no bar to the frenzy on which electoral victory is built. Indeed, they are its very base. Real debates are dicey, however. They call on voters to puzzle.

WHAT RICHARD HOFSTADTER termed "the paranoid style" in American politics is represented in this election by Pat Buchanan. But the hatred and ridicule that go with paranoia are not a monopoly province of the right. There have been many exemplars on the left, including Jesse Jackson, whose civic sins, like those of George Wallace, have been covered over by the commentators. Buchanan is the anointed candidate of the Christian right although there are two others who speak its message, Bob Dornan and Alan Keyes. Historically, the Christian right used to be anti-Catholic, imagining satanic conspiracies hatched in the Vatican. One reason Father Coughlin emerged as a force in national life is that the stratum of resenting Catholics was excluded from the mainstream populist politics of American reaction. In a vast sea change, now all three of its electoral tribunes—Dornan, Keyes and Buchanan—are faithful followers of Vatican I. Surely this does not make the U.S. hierarchy—or most of the laity—happy. Still, it is a quintessentially Catholic issue—abortion—that bridged the chasm between many Catholics and fundamentalist Protestants, although it is not that alone which binds them. Judging with what phobias Buchanan exploits, his followers resent the rich and those poor who are black. They also resent foreigners and intellectuals, feminists and homosexuals. And, of course, scavenging the worst parts of their traditions, some of them resent the Jews most of all. Buchanan even assumes that anybody protesting against him must be Jewish. So when some young people heckled him in Lexington, Massachusetts, last weekend, he taunted them, "How did Brandeis' football team do this year, guys?" As *The New York Times* observed, "It was not clear why Buchanan inferred that they were from that university."

MARTIN PERETZ

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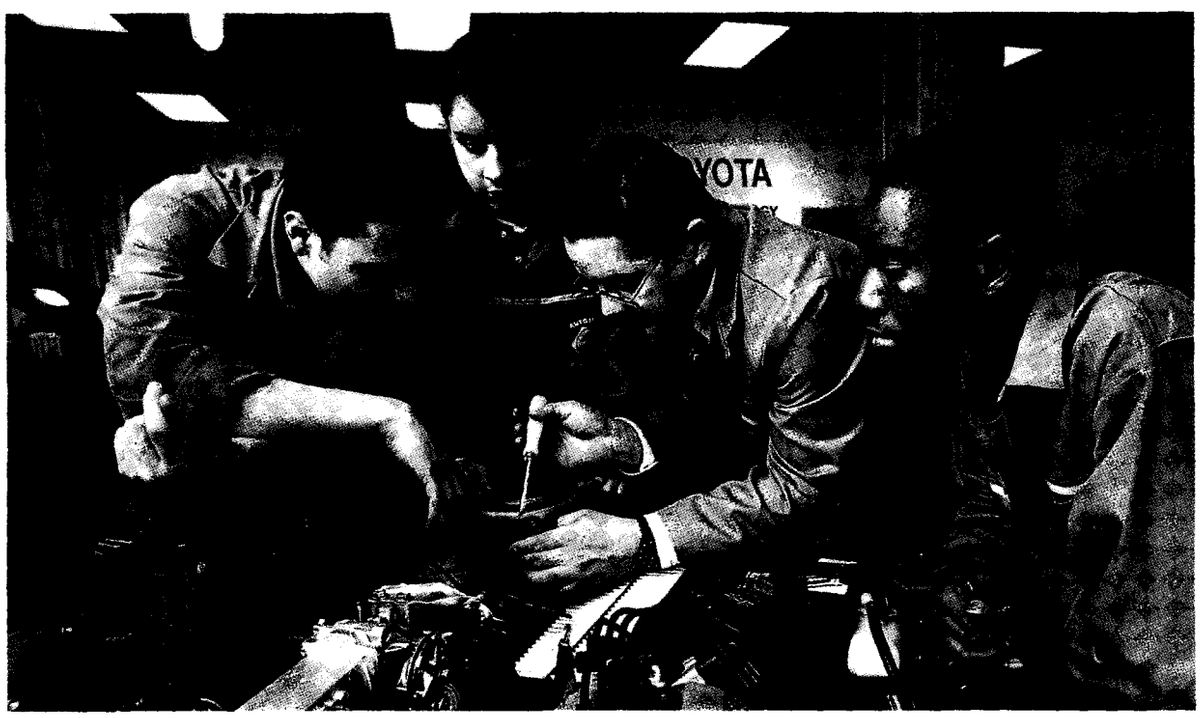

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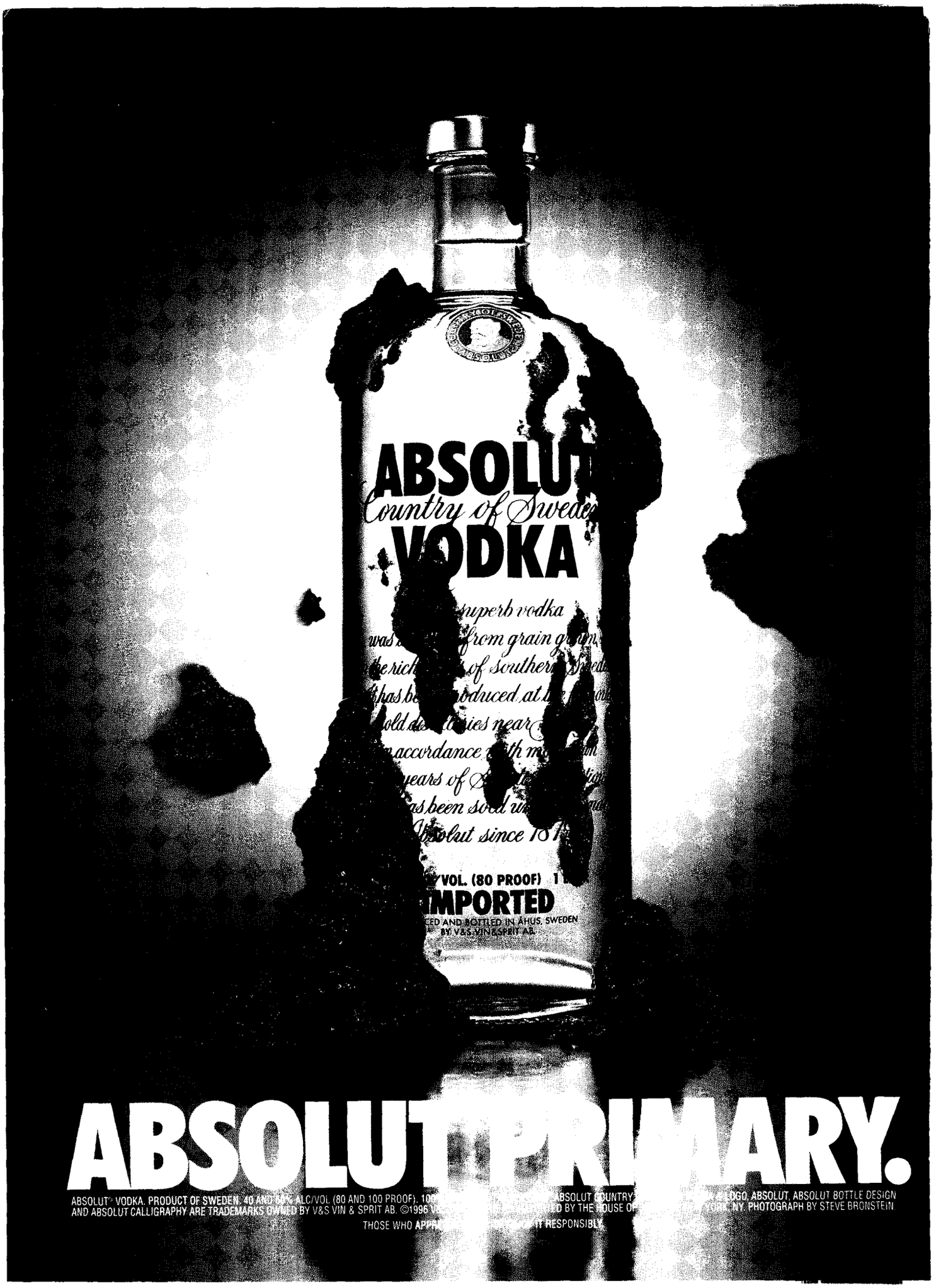

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